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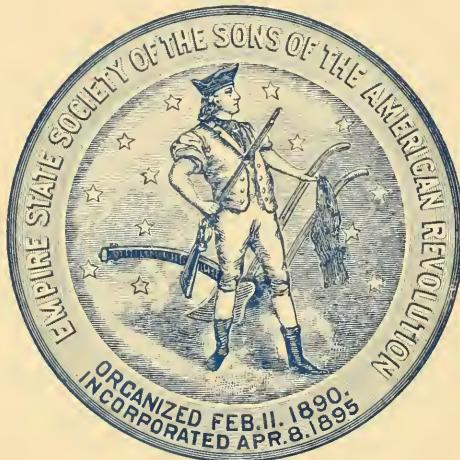
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ADDRESSSES AT THE BANQUET OF THE EMPIRE STATE SOCIETY OF
THE SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION,
NOVEMBER 26th, 1906.

SERMON BY REV. FRANK OLIVER HALL, D. D., CHAPLAIN OF THE
SOCIETY, FEBRUARY 24th, 1907.

ADDRESS BY ALLEN C. THOMAS, A. M., PROFESSOR OF HISTORY,
HAVERFORD COLLEGE, HAVERFORD, PA., MARCH 19th, 1907.



OPENING ADDRESS
OF
MR. W. A. MARBLE,

President of the Empire State Society S. A. R.

Members of the Empire State Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, your Wives and Sweethearts, and our Honored Guests, we extend to you to-night a most hearty welcome to this, the seventeenth, annual banquet of our Society.

It has been the custom of our organization to hold its annual banquet on the anniversary of some important event in the history of the American Revolution, and, keeping up that custom, we have in this instance given this banquet on the 123d anniversary of the evacuation of the City of New York by the British troops. To be absolutely and historically correct, I ought to say that the anniversary occurred yesterday; but, owing to the fact that many of us, born under Puritanical influences, did not feel that it was well to mix our social duties with our religious duties, it was thought best not to have the banquet on Sunday night; and there was another reason. I have on my left—I am supposed to have, one of them is gone—a coterie of three members of the clerical profession, and if we had our banquet on Sunday night, they could not be with us.

I perhaps ought to say of our clerical friends that being placed on the left is only a coincidence. The Banquet Committee assure me that when they placed the ministers of the Gospel on the left they did not in any way refer to the 25th chapter of Matthew, the 33d and 41st verses. It will not be necessary for me to explain to any member of the Empire State Society what those verses are, but it is possible that some of our invited guests may not be entirely familiar with Biblical history, and I would say, by way of explanation, that the passages referred to are those in which the sheep are divided from the goats, and in verse 41 it is told what disposition is made of the goats. (Laughter.)

Our organization, several years ago, started a revolution on its own account—true to the spirit of its ancestors—by inviting the ladies to partake in our festivities, and that that revolution has ended in success is thoroughly evidenced by the jolly company that I see before me to-night; and I would say in explanation that, in starting this revolution and in-

viting the ladies, we have in no way interfered with the work of our sister society, the Daughters of the American Revolution, and that they are in perfect harmony with us is evidenced by the fact that we have with us the smiling personality of the President of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. (Applause.)

This is indeed to us, compatriots, a happy occasion; and yet to many of us there is a tinge of sadness withal. Since our last annual gathering death has been in our midst. We miss to-night the smiling faces of two of our compatriots who have been associated with us in this work for many years, both of whom were my predecessors in office. Perhaps more than all others they have worked for the interests of the Empire State Society—the one proud of his Dutch ancestry and ready to defend it on all occasions—the other equally proud of the fact that he was descended from the New England Puritans. And I ask you, ladies and gentlemen, to take your glasses, filled with pure water, and drink in silence to the memory of the Hon. Robert B. Roosevelt and Walter S. Logan. (The assembly rose in a body and responded to President Marble's request.)

Speaking of the ladies, I am reminded of a little story of a Kentucky Colonel who was suddenly called upon to reply to a toast, "The Ladies." He was entirely unprepared, and as he rose to his feet he said:

"What a noble theme, the toast to the American ladies. What a pleasure to any American citizen to reply to that toast. What words of eloquence come to an orator's lips when he thinks of that beautiful subject, the American ladies; and as the poet says—yes, as the poet says:

'O woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please—
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please—
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
When seen too oft', familiarity with her face
Leads us first to endure, then pity and embrace.'

It is customary in all English banquets, I am told, for the first toast to be to the king. In this glorious Republic of ours we have no king to whom we can offer this toast; but, compatriots and friends, we have an honored member of this Society, a beloved patriot, who is delighted to be with us whenever his official duties will allow it. He is unavoidably detained to-night. We cannot call him a king, but he is a king of men, and I ask you to join with me in drinking the health of our loved compatriot, who pays his dues annually to this Society, Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States. (Loud applause. All rise and drink to the President.)

The first regular toast of the evening is "Patriotism and Good Citizenship." The person who is to reply to this toast certainly needs no introduction from me. He is known and loved of us all. Perhaps I ought to say, for the information of some of our guests, that he comes from Peekskill, and it might be said of him as it has been said of another person who came from Peekskill—no need to describe him, you all know him well—for what compatriot has not felt the spell of the wit and the wisdom, the charm and the grace he diffuses about him, whatever the place. (Applause.) He sometimes, we think, is not quite right in politics, but as for patriotism, he is always right; and if he were cut, longitudinally and latitudinally, he would be red, white and blue all the way through. Compatriots, the President-General of the National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, the Hon. Cornelius A. Pugsley, of Peekskill. (Applause.)

PATRIOTISM AND GOOD CITIZENSHIP.

*Annual Banquet, Empire State Society, S. A. R., New York,
Nov. 26, 1906.*

HON. CORNELIUS ARMORY PUGSLEY.

Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen:—This afternoon I met the worthy Secretary-General of the Sons of the American Revolution and said to him that I felt extremely tired after having been in session for three hours with the Board of Managers of the National Society. He said, "You are not going to speak to-night?" I replied in the affirmative, and you can imagine my surprise when he said: "Well, that's too bad!" (Laughter.) Whether it was sympathy for me or my audience, I know not.

We glory, as sons of the American Revolution, in the heroic deeds of our fathers, and we celebrate to-night an event of transcendent import in their lives, the evacuation by the British of the City of New York, an event which was the consummation of their hopes in their long struggle for independence. But I am under the impression that our fathers never dreamed they were giving to their descendants and to the new world such a charming and fascinating city as the metropolis of New York, a metropolis of skyscrapers, a city of subways, where we find ever courteous and ever polite conductors saying to all: "Step lively." (Laughter.) But we do well to remember, my compatriots, as we recall the valor of our fathers, that

"Those, who on glorious ancestors enlarge,
 Produce their debt, instead of their discharge."

I do not wonder, when we dwell too much upon our ancestral lines, that some one should slyly say: "When a man's talk is mainly of his ancestors you may know that the best of the family is under ground." (Laughter.) Looking backward, however, whether to ancestry or for other purposes, is usually profitable. Edward Bellamy, "looking backward," made a fortune, while Lot's wife made her salt. (Laughter.)

But we glory to-night, not alone in the deeds of the patriots of '76, but in the perpetuation of those great principles and ideals of govern-

ment for which our fathers battled, and which through all the years of our country's history have been maintained by the courage and the devotion of patriotic men and women. As I read the pages of our nation's history, and of her mighty conflicts on land and sea, I have but one sentiment—glory, eternal glory and honor for the American soldier and sailor, regular and volunteer alike, the defenders of our country and our flag, whose sublime daring from Lexington to Gettysburg, to San Juan Hill and into the Philippines, means that America stands obedient to the divine behest that called her into being; means that amid all the commercialism of to-day the true blood of patriotism still flows; means that all the great problems now confronting us in our governmental life, whether internal or external, whether diplomatic or administrative, whether the control of gigantic corporations, the solution of the negro or race question, or the status of the Monroe doctrine, will be solved in the interests of the American people, will be solved by a wise statesmanship, a statesmanship that has always been ours, a patriotic statesmanship like that manifested by James A. Garfield, who, at a critical period in our nation's life, stilled the tumultuous passions of men's hearts with the single sentence: "God reigns, and the Government at Washington still lives."

(Applause.)

We have reason to rejoice that patriotism belongs not alone to war, but is a mighty factor in times of peace. It may lie far below the surface of our ordinary life, but when the state or nation is imperilled, it bursts forth and sweeps before it all those influences that are harmful or detrimental to the body politic, and builds up those which are for the betterment of the state and nation. It means a good deal for the stability of this Republic, if truth, honesty, duty, obligation to high ideals and lofty ambitions—none of which may be measured by a monetary standard—are not lost, but still abide and inspire the people of these United States. Well did our most distinguished compatriot, Theodore Roosevelt, say: "It is of mighty small importance whether we are Republicans or Democrats, but it is of very real importance that we should be good Americans and do our duty in a straight and decent fashion."

(Applause.)

We are justly proud of our great State of New York, proud of her level-headed, honest Governor-elect, Charles E. Hughes (applause), who is with us to-night and whom we gladly welcome. Ever has New York stood foremost in the history of the nation; ever have her citizens been proud of her citizenship; ever have we been proud of her magnificent area, her educational and her financial institutions—yes, proud even of her life insurance companies. (Laughter and applause.)

I said to our worthy Governor only a few minutes ago that when I rose to speak I always felt that I had forgotten everything I ever knew, and you may imagine the Governor saying: "What an ideal witness (laughter and applause) you would make in a life insurance or trust company investigation." (Laughter.)

Ladies and gentlemen, I believe that, through the rugged honesty and the determined purpose of the American people, the people of the State of New York and of the nation, and especially the members of this great patriotic society, will stand and stand firmly for those great principles and ideals of Government that make for good American citizenship. In the maintenance of those principles, which are as distinctly ours to-day as they were the early patriots, I believe that this organization, and other kindred organizations like that of the Daughters of the American Revolution, presided over by their brilliant President-General, Mrs. Donald McLean (applause), should and will and do play a most important part. These great organizations are doing a magnificent work, not only in building monuments, in marking battlefields, but they are instilling in the youth of this broad land principles of patriotism, and are educating our foreign-born population for good citizenship.

One of the greatest problems now confronting us is the Americanizing of the vast hordes of immigrants that are weekly landed upon our shores. I do not wonder that the wit of Ellis Island, some time ago, when he saw something like 50,000 immigrants landed at the Port of New York in less than a week, said drily: "I don't suppose they have left a soul in Europe, except American tourists." (Laughter and applause.)

I believe that we should gladly welcome to our shores the honest, upright sons of other lands; but we do not want the criminals, the paupers, the off-scouring of Europe. We do not want our citizenship weakened. We do not want our high ideals lowered. We do not want our American customs, our American institutions, our American Sunday disregarded. (Applause.) We do not want License masquerading as Liberty. We want men who will be American in spirit, as well as American in citizenship. (Applause.)

I was very much gratified to receive this message last evening from the President of the Sons of the American Revolution of the State of Ohio, sending greeting to the National Society, in which he says:

"Greetings of the Ohio Society to the National Society. I suggest as a text for this year, two words, 'Patriotic education,' with the emphasis placed upon both words." (Applause.)

We have reason to rejoice that we have been so successful in Ameri-

canizing immigrants and educating their children, and that their children go forth with ours from the public schools of our land with the Star Spangled Banner waving over their heads, singing: " My Country, 'Tis of Thee," Americans, everyone of them. (Applause.)

If this nation is to take the lead in the march of human progress, in the onward sweep of civilization along the higher plane of humanity, our boasted liberty must not degenerate into license, and we must know

"When to take occasion by the hand
And make the bounds of freedom wider yet."

I believe that through an enduring patriotism, a patriotism born of moral courage, the people of these United States will behold with the Republic's ever increasing years an ever increasing grandeur, majesty and power worthy of the men who in all its generations have stood for the highest and best in our national life. (Applause.)

Behind this great patriotic organization, the Sons of the American Revolution, is a wealth of tradition. May it be so perpetuated that, if the day demands it, the State of Connecticut, represented here to-night by her Governor-elect and other worthy compatriots, will furnish another Nathan Hale. (Applause.) May it be so perpetuated that, if the day demands it, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, also represented here to-night by worthy compatriots, will furnish men like those that stood at Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill. (Applause.) May it be so perpetuated that the State of New York and the State of New Jersey will produce unnumbered heroes; while from other states and territories throughout this broad land will come regiments and armies of fearless men of strong courage and sturdy patriotism, who will stand not alone for military prowess, but pre-eminently for good citizenship, among whom may there be found, if the day demands it, another Washington, another Grant, (applause), and another Lincoln. (Loud applause.)

PRESIDENT MARBLE.

The next regular toast is entitled "One Hundred and Twenty-three Years After." The gentleman who will respond to this toast is a member of the Michigan State Society of the Sons of the American Revolution. Surely a bold Lochinvar has come out from the West. Through all their wide borders his speech was the best—so we are told. He has recently resigned from a very successful pastorate in the city of Grand Rapids, Michigan, to take up a similar work in this city. Speaking of his having resigned a pastorate reminds me of a story I heard from the

lips of that prince of after-dinner speakers, the Rev. Minot J. Savage—not that the story has any application to the case before us, but, as the Yankee said, it reminds me of it because it is so totally different. The story is that a pastor who had presided for five years over a church in one of our small New England towns, some years ago got up on Sunday morning and began his sermon like this:

"Brethren and Sisters: I have been your pastor for five years. I am about to preach my farewell sermon. I believe the Lord doesn't love this people, for He has not called one of them home to Himself during the five years that I have been here; I have not preached a single funeral sermon. I am very sure that this people do not love each other, for I have never had a wedding fee during these five years; and I am very sure that this people do not love their pastor, for I have never received my salary in full, but have had it eked out each year by wormy potatoes and decayed apples. By their fruits ye shall know them. I have taken a position as Chaplain in a penitentiary. Whither I go ye cannot come—at present. I go to prepare a place for you." (Laughter.)

And now, compatriots, it gives me great personal pleasure to introduce to you a member of the Michigan State Society, but who I trust ere long will be enrolled in the Empire State Society, the Rev. Dr. J. Herman Randall, of the Mount Morris Baptist Church, of this city.

SPEECH OF REV. J. HERMAN RANDALL, D. D.

Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen:—I want to express my very great pleasure at this privilege of meeting with you to-night, and also my genuine appreciation of the honor conferred, in inviting me to address you on this occasion. When your worthy President asked me if I would attend this dinner and take part as one of the speakers, I was reminded of a story once told by a ministerial friend. He said he had been sent for on a certain occasion to come and see a man who was very sick, a perfect stranger to him. He was admitted to the house and taken at once to the sick chamber. He sat down by the side of the bed and took the man's hand in his and said: "What induced you to send for me?"

It happened that the sick man was quite deaf, and there was no reply. My friend repeated his question:

"What induced you to send for me?"

"Hey?" was the response.

The man's wife, who was standing near the bed, leaned over and shouted at the top of her voice in the man's ear:

"He wants to know, John, what in the deuce you sent for him for!"

So I could not help but wonder why I had been sent for on such an occasion as this, I who am the "youngest Roman of you all." However, I am very glad indeed to meet with you to-night and to bring you the hearty greetings of the Michigan Society of the Sons of the American Revolution.

As we have listened to the preceding speaker, I wished it were possible for us to project ourselves back through the mist of these intervening years to the occasion which we commemorate here to-night, 123 years ago. I wish we might impress that scene so vividly on our memories as to enter into its real significance and catch some of the deep emotions that must have stirred the hearts of the people of this city at that time.

This is indeed a great day that we celebrate, second only in importance to the original birthday of this community. We must remember that during the years of the Revolutionary War the State of New York had suffered more than all the other thirteen states or colonies. Its soil had been overrun by both armies in succession. Much of the land of this State had been devastated, the people had been driven away from their

homes. Much property had been pillaged and destroyed. It was indeed a place where great suffering, sacrifice and privation had been endured; and yet, as you know full well, the sons of New York stood together heroically and faced either victory or defeat in every great battle of that great war. This city had been called upon to pass through tremendous experiences of suffering and privation. The British Ministry had sought in every possible way to wean the people away from loyalty to their brethren of the other colonies, and yet you know how steadfastly they stood by their companions. We can imagine something of the suffering of those years. It was "a hungry and a thirsty day," as some one has said, 123 years ago yesterday. They sat down to no such menu as we have enjoyed this evening. They had been encouraged by the words of Lord Chatham, when he said: "If I were an Englishman, so long as a foreign soldier remained in my country I would never lay down my arms." They had responded eagerly to that voice of sympathy and encouragement from across the water, and at last the great day arrived when they realized that the fruits of peace and the real benefits of the war were to be realized. They saw the ships embarking and knew that at last these foreign soldiers, more than half of whom were hired mercenaries, were forever leaving our shores. Think of the feelings of pride and exultation among our forefathers on that day as they realized that this country was being given back at last to its long suffering, loyal sons.

And after 123 years what do we behold? Tremendous changes have taken place during this passage of years. We remember to-night that the company of three millions of people that then made up the population of this country has increased to more than twenty times that number. We are conscious in ourselves, and with pardonable pride, as one of the recent English historians has said, that "Henceforth the most important branch of the English-speaking race lies in America, and from now onward the destiny of the English race must work itself out through channels not of the Thames and the Mersey, but of the Hudson and the Mississippi.

During these years there has been opened up a new continent. Unreamed of resources have been developed, and we are living to-day in the midst of a metropolis that is perhaps second only among the great cities of the world. If wealth and numbers are the test, then has New York City indeed come up to the full measure of its opportunity.

And yet if it be true—and I think we all agree to-night that it is true—that wealth and material advantages, prosperity and numbers are not indeed the end, but only the means to the end, I am sure we must con-

fess that there is great work lying before us, to be accomplished in the days that are yet to come. One hundred and twenty-three years after, and we are standing to-day amidst all the splendid glory and material prosperity of an age, unparalleled in all the past of history; and yet we are compelled to bow the head and with shame confess to ourselves that we are not altogether what we ought to be. We have been deluged, during these past two or three years, with a "literature of exposure." Some of it is undoubtedly exaggerated, and is therefore unjust and untrue. Much of it, alas, is altogether too true. We have only to look back sixty years in our own history, to the times of Garrison and Wendell Phillips, and be made conscious that the great blot of human slavery was wiped off the page of our history simply because there was at that time "a literature of exposure" and men brave enough to face the facts, and all the facts, such as they were. (Applause). And I am sure that there is one other condition of things in our country to-day that would be even worse and more humiliating to every true patriot, namely, to know that dishonesty existed in high places and graft abounded in every form, and yet that there was no exposure made; that there stood in our midst to-day no man with ideals clear enough to enable him to stand forth and condemn that which was wrong and praise that which was right. So it seems to me that in the revelations which have shamed and saddened us, there is real ground for encouragement to-night. "Where there is no vision the people perish." It was true in the olden times, and it is just as true to-day. Thank God, we are catching the vision afresh. We are setting up once more the old landmarks as between what is right and honest and what is wrong and dishonest, and out of all the chaos of existing conditions we are coming to understand that, as a people, we must be governed alone by these eternal principles of righteousness and justice and truth. (Applause).

There are three different attitudes that we may take as we confront the conditions that surround us; and the first is the attitude of Pessimism.

It is the spirit which says, as many people are saying, that things are hopelessly bad, that there is no way out of it, except in revolution—by clearing the ground and beginning all over again. We may listen to the voice of the croaker in the land, and may strive in a spirit of pessimism and hopelessness to go backward rather than to go forward. We may feel, perhaps, as that father felt who took his son on a visit to Washington. At length then came to the United States Senate just as the Chaplain was offering prayer. The little boy said:

"Pa, what is that man doing?"

"He is a minister," replied the parent; "don't you see he is praying?"

"Is he praying for the Senate?" asked the boy.

"No, my son, he is not praying for the Senate; he stands up and takes a look at the Senate and then prays for the country." (Laughter). And in the same spirit we sympathize with the old lady who was called to court to testify in a certain case. She had on one of those poke bonnets which practically concealed her face, and as the examination proceeded the lawyers and the Judge found it difficult to understand what she said. Finally the Judge leaned over and said:

"Will you kindly remove your bonnet?"

There was no response

A little further on the Judge asked her again if she wouldn't please remove her bonnet, whereupon she said:

"No, sir, I am not taking off my bonnet for anybody!"

Somewhat nettled, the Judge turned to the woman and said:

"My will is usually law in this court room. Perhaps you would like to come up here and run things yourself for a little while?"

"No, thank you," said the woman, "there are enough old women sitting on the bench already." (Laughter).

Then there is a second attitude, that of the Optimist, or, as it means to many people, a blind optimism. It is the other extreme from pessimism. It is the spirit found in many a club and drawing-room, of the man who says "things are all right, I am making money, my friends are making money, don't talk about dishonesty; for Heaven's sake, if things are going crooked cover them up and don't reveal them to the world." You remember the boy who asked his father what an optimist was.

"The Optimist," said the father, "is the man who doesn't care what happens so long as it doesn't happen to him, while the pessimist is the man who has just been talking to an optimist."

I feel just as certain that the solution does not lie along the line of blind optimism. Some one has coined for us in these last few years another word that seems to me to express the true attitude, "meliorism." We need to be meliorists to-day, that is, demanding all the facts and nothing but the facts, still undismayed looking towards the future with hopefulness and courage in our hearts. And while it may seem that "right is forever on the scaffold; wrong forever on the throne," yet with a deep abiding confidence we affirm over and over again that "that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch over all His own." (Applause).

The spirit needed is that of the meliorist, who wants to know all the conditions, and yet says "we can find a solution of the problems, great as they are—it may take time—it may require patience and persistency,

but at last we shall be able to lead mankind up to a higher plane. This is the spirit which, I believe, we should possess. And it seems to me that we need to emphasize more and more everywhere in our homes, our churches and schools, as well as in the marts of trade, the necessity for this spirit of hopefulness which is not blind optimism, but which is sane and rational and intelligent, that recognizes and understands the problems, and yet believes that some solution must at last be found.

There are many different kinds of patriotism, as you know. There is the patriotism of Display which consists in raising the Flag on the Fourth of July, in decorations, in shooting off fireworks, in applauding the procession as it goes by, with the bands playing martial airs; yet if this is all, we have not discovered the true essence of patriotism. Then there is the patriotism of Rhetoric, which consists in beautiful platitudes and high-sounding phrases.

I am reminded of an exhibition of Fourth of July patriotism which occurred in a Western town not many years ago. The interest was running high when one orator, describing the boundaries of this country, declared it was "bounded on the north by the Arctic Ocean, on the south by the Gulf of Mexico, on the east by the Atlantic Ocean and on the west by the Pacific Ocean."

That was altogether too conservative for one of the other warm-blooded patriots, who proceeded to explain that this country was bounded "on the north by the North Pole, on the south by the South Pole, on the east by the rising sun, and on the west by the setting sun."

That was a little better, but as the patriotism rose to greater heights, another of the young orators jumped up and said, with much evident excitement:

"Here's to our country, bounded on the north by the Aurora Borealis, on the south by the Procession of the Equinoxes, on the east by Primordial Chaos, and on the west by the Day of Judgment." (Laughter and applause).

We must all admit that that is very beautiful rhetoric, but the essence of patriotism is not contained in it.

Then there is a kind of Practical Patriotism, that consists in looking out for number one.

You have all heard the story of the New York landlady at the time of the Civil War, when the merchants were saying to the young men in their employ: "Go to the front, if you want to; go and do your duty as soldiers of the country, and we will let your pay run right along." This landlady, in the same spirit, said to her boarders that, so far as she was

concerned, she was perfectly willing to let the board bills run right along, if any of her boarders wanted to go to the defense of their country. (Laughter).

There is too much of such patriotism in our midst to-day. The patriotism that is needed as perhaps at no other time in our nation's history, if I may put it in a single sentence, is the patriotism which here and elsewhere throughout the length and breadth of our land, is willing to sacrifice private interests for the sake of the public good. (Applause).

There is one scene that took place on the afternoon of the same day we are celebrating, 123 years ago, that I wish might be burned indelibly on every patriot's mind to-night. It was after the disembarking of these foreign soldiers, and it took place in Fraunces' Tavern. Washington had come without his uniform. He was surrounded by his associates and Generals, and it had come to the time of his last meeting with them. With suppressed emotion, and with tears in every eye, he turned to these men and said, with a heart full of love and gratitude:

"I now take leave of you. I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former have been glorious and honorable."

Then they came forward, one by one and took his hand and pressed it in silence. When they had all said good-by, Washington turned from that little company and walked down to Whitehall through two corps of light infantry. And as the barge which was waiting for him swung out into the Hudson River, he turned to the crowd that had followed him in silence and sadness, and, taking his hat from his head, waved a silent adieu.

Great as Commander-in-Chief, great as President of this newly-born nation, he was greatest of all as man and private citizen, simply in this, that he had the willingness to sacrifice his personal interests for the sake of the public good whenever the call of duty sounded in his ears.

I believe we are entering upon an era of the revival of the old spirit of self-effacing patriotism as it burned in the breasts of men like Washington. A new chapter is opening in our country's history, when public service will be considered a moral vocation, and when the men placed in high positions of trust in our city, state and nation will be men possessed of the highest moral ideals, men in whose hearts there is the highest moral purpose, men guided by deep convictions based upon justice and truth alone. (Applause.)

You may recall the incident that occurred during the Civil War of the color sergeant who had gone on ahead of his men. Climbing up the hillside toward the enemy, he had not heard the sound of retreat. Finally,

looking back, he saw that the men were hastening down the hill, and the Major, putting his hands up to his mouth, shouted out:

"The retreat has been sounded. Come back! Come back!" The color sergeant turned about for an instant, and putting his hands to his lips, shouted back:

"Major, I can't come back! Bring up your men! Bring up your men!"

I thank God to-night that we have in the Presidential chair at the White House, and that we have elected to the Gubernatorial chair at Albany, men who are, in every sense of the word, leaders of the people—not of party or of class, but of the people as a whole—men who are leaders simply because they lead, and for no other reason; and that is the only thing that makes the true leader anywhere. I thank God to-day that these men are calling back to us—we of little faith, we who get discouraged, who are tempted to become pessimistic—calling back to us:

"Bring up the men, bring up the citizenship of our country! We can't come back. We have kept the faith, we have set the ideals! Now bring up the citizenship to that high plane where this country shall become in truth, a country of the people, for the people, and by the people."

(Applause.)

"God give us men—a time like this
Demands strong minds, brave hearts, true faith and ready hands,
Men whom the lust of office does not kill,
 Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy,
Men who possess opinions and a will,
 Men who have honor, men who will not lie,
Men who can stand before a demagogue
 And scorn his treacherous flatteries without flinching,
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
 In public duty and in private thinking."

(Applause.)

PRESIDENT MARBLE.

You have now learned why in the deuce we sent for him. The next regular toast will be "The State of New York." The gentleman who will respond to that toast needs no introduction from me. We praise him for what he has been in the past; we honor him for what he is in the present, and we will trust him for the future. Ladies and gentlemen, Charles E. Hughes, the Governor-elect of the State of New York. (Loud applause.)

SPEECH OF GOVERNOR-ELECT CHARLES E. HUGHES.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen, Sons of the American Revolution, and Daughters—or should I say Daughters-in-law?—I thank you. (Laughter and applause.)

Whenever we look over our ancestral stocks, whether preferred or common, we are impressed with the variety of relation which is made possible under our democratic institutions by a wise selection of forebears. (Laughter.) It is my happy privilege, although I live beneath my opportunities, to claim the patronage of St. David, St. Patrick, St. Andrew, St. George and St. Nicholas, and I may with some justice claim the right to be here to-night—subject to the payment of dues—as I cherish the memory of an ancestor who as an officer of the line in a New York regiment and as a member of the staff of Governor Clinton, discharged worthily, I believe, his duty in the war of American independence. (Applause.)

With mere pride of descent, however, I have little patience. The distinction of ancestry means naught but humiliation for unworthy descendants. Nor do I regard organizations based upon ancestry as consistent with the American spirit, save as they exist for the purpose of teaching the lessons of patriotism and of enforcing upon their members the duty of the hour. (Applause.)

It is in that spirit that we are here to-night.

It is not my purpose to speak at length, and you can well understand that, in view of the present demands upon me, I can present only a few desultory observations.

We do not honor those who fought in the great struggle simply, or chiefly, because of the sacrifices they made, the hardships they endured, the courage they displayed. We honor them because of the cause in which they enlisted and the principle for which they were ready to lay down their lives. They gave us a country, and they kindled the fires of patriotism, which are ever renewed and kept bright and glowing by their patriotic sons. We cannot afford to lose the touch of emotion upon patriotic duty. The schoolboy who learns of the events and the dates of the great struggle without feeling the touch of the magic wand, without having his heart thrilled with the idea that it is *his* country that he is

learning about, loses half his heritage. (Applause.) And at this time, when we are crowded with the demands and vexed with the problems of our teeming industrial life, we must lose no opportunity to kindle patriotic ardor, and to stimulate the emotion which causes a thrill in every breast at the sound of the national anthem or at the sight of the Stars and Stripes. (Applause.)

But it has been well said that it is a poor thing to create emotion without having that emotion well directed, directed to some specific object, and not allowed to evaporate in air. What splendid reserves we have that we could call upon, if our country were in danger! We find to-day the same readiness to sacrifice life and treasure as was found 130 years ago in the War of Independence, as was found a little more than 40 years ago when the Union itself was in danger.

But we have peace. Peace is our normal condition. The blessings of peace, we hope, will remain constant; and I would voice the sentiment of the last speaker in saying that we ought to be able to call upon these splendid reserves for the higher patriotism of peace. The great victories of which we are so proud, the great sacrifices that we linger over so lovingly, ought to make possible for us, ought to make imperative for us sacrifice and devotion to-day to the interests of our country no less real, no less important in these piping times of peace.

It has been said that the citizen should be alive to the duty of registering and the duty of exercising the right of suffrage, to the duty of taking his part in the working of the machinery of government. That is right; but there is a more fundamental duty. We have too much, as has been well said, of a vague notion of love of country. There are men who would lay down their lives for the country, who, in their daily conduct, will manage themselves so as to adhere only as closely to the line of rectitude as is necessary to keep them out of jail. (Applause.) We need men who will not only be ready to sacrifice for their country in time of war, but who will not be a menace to it in time of peace! (Loud applause.) We want patriots in finance. We want patriots in the organization of corporations. We want patriots in the conduct of public utilities. We want patriots in rendering loyal obedience to the law. (Applause.)

It is not simply the inculcation of that spirit which expresses itself in love for the Flag, in general exultation over our institutions. It is that true American spirit which shows itself in self-imposed restraints, in consciousness of human brotherhood, in that desire to share burdens and to equalize opportunities—that true American spirit which makes brothers of us all. (Applause.)

Coincident with the effort to have a true, honest, administration of the government, in connection with the efforts to have faithful service in every public office, should be the effort of every citizen, in his own life, to live according, not to the letter but to the spirit of the law, and to see to it that there is no occasion for the law to bear upon his own undertakings. (Applause.)

It is that patriotism of the pocketbook that we want in these days of ours. We must recognize the fact that we are a union not simply of states. We are not merely a political union. We are a union of lives linked together for better or for worse. The man who wraps himself complacently in the garments of prosperity, impatient at the demands of those who cry to him for assistance—that man does not appreciate the genius of our institutions; that man is not a true American citizen. The man who looks from the vantage-point of social position with disdain upon those whom he describes as ignorant and disorderly classes—with whom he feels no sympathy—and shuts his ears to the entreaties that come from his unfortunate brethren—he does not know why the Union should be preserved, he does not know for what our fathers died. (Applause.)

The man who attempts, upon inflated values, to lay a basis for exaggerated returns for public service, has yet to learn what the battle of Lexington meant; he has yet to learn the principles of the Declaration of Independence. (Applause.) And noble as are the sentiments of American liberty when expressed in times of public danger, ardent as is the patriotic love of country when the national safety is menaced, we want that love of country to-day expressed in terms that men on the street can understand, and a public sentiment that will not tolerate any other conduct but that self-sacrificing course of action due to a consciousness of responsibility to every other American citizen which will make our industrial management sweet and clean. (Cries of "Bravo!" Loud applause.)

We want not simply the exercise of the right of suffrage; not simply the holding of public officers to strict accountability. It is not enough to have a continued effort for political reform. The most ambitious scheme of government finds its test in the human devotion that you can bring to its aid in putting it in practice. What we need more than anything else, lying outside and beyond any matter of administration of government, any matter of judicial procedure, any matter of legal enactment for the purpose of reform, is sober and righteous living, the kindly disposition, proper regard for the rights of one's neighbor—that true American spirit which should emanate from all true patriots, which should be

recognized and enforced by every patriotic organization. (Prolonged applause.)

PRESIDENT MARBLE.

I want to take this opportunity to say, in justice to the last speaker, that the invitation to speak at this banquet was extended to him before he was elected to the Governorship of this State; and when the question was asked him if he would come to our banquet, he said:

"I suppose you mean if I am elected Governor you want me?" And our committee said:

"No, Mr. Hughes; we want you for what you are." (Applause.)

Mr. Hughes has innumerable calls upon him, and I am advised that this is practically the only public banquet, other than some political connections which he has to make, that he will attend before he occupies the Governor's chair. He said something about sons-in-law of the American revolution. He intimated that he is entitled to become a Son. If he is, we shall find it out within the next few months and have him on our list. But we do know that he is a son-in-law of the American revolution, for Mrs. Hughes was the daughter of Walter Carter, a member of this Society, who has done a great deal of work for it, and whom we all honored during his life. (Applause.)

The next regular toast is entitled "Enterprise and Comradeship." Those of you who attended our banquet two years ago will remember that we had as one of our speakers the Rev. Dr. Scott, of Worcester, Mass. (Applause.) And you will also remember that in the midst of a very interesting and witty speech, he was called down by the presence of Theodore Roosevelt, who entered the hall just as he was speaking. From that time on, we have been very anxious to hear the rest of Dr. Scott's speech. We heard the Alpha, and we are waiting for the Omega. Since he was here, I have, through a friend in the city of Worcester, where the Reverend Doctor resides, received a little piece of information which, in view of some of the stories he told two years ago, may be of interest to the members of this organization. I am told that in Worcester there is an organization known as the A. A. A.'s. Membership in that organization is not confined to persons of any particular religious belief or nationality; it includes some of the finest people in the city of Worcester. The present President of the organization, I am informed, is a Scotchman, and when he was inducted into office he issued a decree that every member of the official board should wear kilts. (Laughter.) Dr. Scott was tendered the position of Chaplain in that organization,

but he declined to accept it, on account of the garb. The objects of that organization I do not know entirely, but I do know that the full name of the organization is "The Anti-Abdomen Association of the City of Worcester." (Laughter.)

Now, compatriots, we will hear the balance of Dr. Scott's speech.

SPEECH OF REV. WILLARD SCOTT, D. D.

Mr. Toastmaster, Honorable Guests, and Sons of the American Revolution:—I am sure that you all are prepared to appreciate, after the unmasked reference of your Toastmaster to my thinness, how much I need these dinners, (laughter), and how thoroughly I enjoy them. But I gather from what I see about me that I have had fitting company in this pleasant experience, for there does not seem to be much remaining of that sumptuous repast which lately was spread before us. There is a saying, “Man wants but little here below when eating *a la carte*; but when it’s *table d ’hôte*, he wants it all right from the start.” (Laughter.) And the avidity with which honorable judges on my left, devout dominies on my right, and all sorts and conditions of famished people in front, have laid hold of this dinner to-night, is an emphatic indication that the simple and strenuous life of the Forefathers, whom we celebrate, has received some modification in these times of greater abundance and a more genial look upon life. This, I am sure, we may all properly rejoice in as a wholesome gain of our times, and a favorable prospect for our children. The heart of the world at large loves good eating and good fellowship. “Smile and the world smiles with you,” says the proverb; “Snore and you sleep alone,” (laughter); a sentiment with which I most heartily agree.

When it comes to making a speech, however, especially at this uncanny hour of the night, the case is somewhat different; and as your long and brilliant program of toasts proceeded, I found myself hoping that no time would be left for me, and that I might repeat the pleasant experience of a golf tournament the past summer, in which I participated for the club of which I am a member—playing eight men against another club’s eight—in which their eighth man defaulted, and I was posted with a perfect score among the winners without having been for a moment off the club-house porch; thereby gaining a considerable reputation as a golfer, which I have never explained within a hundred miles of the town where I live. (Laughter.) I was the more willing that this pleasant fate should overtake me again to-night, since it is scarcely more than a year, if I remember, since I had the honor of addressing your honorable body, and it is perhaps not my turn to speak here again, at least so soon. I am somewhat in the position of the good deacon who was caught napping in prayer meeting when he was called upon to lead

in prayer. His weariness had been occasioned by a pleasant game of whist the evening before, and being somewhat dazed by this hurry-call to public devotions, he ventured to excuse himself by replying: "It is not my turn to lead; I just dealt." (Laughter.)

However, if you are disposed to take time after mid-night for further words upon the pleasant topic before us, I shall not refuse to do my part in eulogy of those noble men and women of other days, who performed their part in the battle of life so well that we have much to glory now in their behalf. I am the more willing to do this on account of my membership in a profession which has sometimes seemed to cherish only an indifferent enthusiasm towards worldly deeds of valor, being chiefly occupied with the interests of another sphere of existence and its awards. Of course there is a difference among clergymen, as there is among people of other professions and occupations. A gentleman once said to his friend who was entertaining him, "Do you know our minister? He is the salt of the earth." To which the other replied: "That's funny, ours is too fresh to keep." (Laughter.) There are said even to have been clergymen so primitive that all they needed for their work was a Bible to give them their texts, an almanac to tell them when Sunday came, and a Democratic newspaper as an illustration of total depravity. (Laughter.) They are said to have lived chiefly in a region quite remote from the common interests of human life, being usually invisible during the week and incomprehensible on Sunday. To them the present life was a pilgrimage to be endured, rather than a career of importance in itself, to be pressed to the utmost of their powers. But this point of view, if it ever existed to the extent sometimes reported, is plainly no longer prevalent. I see that there are three clergymen at least here at this banquet, which is a pleasing sign that the ministry, as a profession, is not now averse to taking its share of the good things of this life, or its part in whatever concerns the people of thought and action of our time. If there is any disposition to indulge in criticism of them on this account, I do not know of a better attitude to assume than that taken by a clergyman who was reproved in an anonymous note for driving a pair of fast horses, and reminded that his Lord rode into Jerusalem on a much humbler animal. He took the note into his pulpit on the following Sunday, and having explained how he came by it, and having read its contents, he added: "Now, if the writer of this note is in the audience, and will bring a saddle, I'll ride him home." (Laughter.)

Personally, coming closer to the facts of experience as I know them, I find myself on occasions like this, rather more a citizen and a patriot than I am a saint. Perhaps this is not as it should be, but a

man must be honest with himself. And I know the reason for this feeling. The will of God was, as I judge on looking backward, that I should be conceived and born in those stirring anti-slavery days previous to 1861, when the very life and glory of our country were again at stake. In addition, it was His will that the blood and nerves of the men and women of Washington's time should be passed on to me by a mother whose forbears helped that great commander to hold the defensive line from Morristown to West Point against British aggression in Revolutionary days; a line which British aggression never safely crossed. Moreover, her immediate father was with General Scott at Lundy's Lane, in the War of 1812, a veteran whom I rejoice to have known. My father happened to be from another country, but his traditions there were saturated with the red wine of heroism through Covenanter connections, and the place of his birth was warm with memories of great Wallace's childhood, and of his earlier exploits for his beloved Scotland. In these ways, and, as I say, "by the will of God," I find myself upon inward inspection to be a veritable patriot; an American citizen of the fiery sort; one of your number in spirit and by hereditary descent, though I have not collected my evidences in a formal way, having been busy at making history rather than at recording it. I am like the boy who was asked by his chum if he had ever been stung by a bee. To which question his chum replied, "No, but I've had hives." (Laughter.) So, while I have never joined the Sons of the American Revolution, or any other patriotic order, I have burned with the fever of their enthusiasm as much as any of them, and I am as thoroughly devoted to the ideals which you cherish here to-night as you are yourselves.

Having said so much by way of introduction (far too much I fear), let me now pass to the topic which your committee has assigned me upon which to say a few words:

ENTERPRISE AND COMRADESHIP.

Surely, these are great words in themselves, whatever may be their pertinency to this occasion. But are they not also appropriate to the memory of "them of old time," whose deeds, singly and together, have struck the bells of fame and set them ringing for all time, especially for us? For instance, what tremendous self-dependence and initiative those former men had. Do you answer that their times compelled them? That they could not choose otherwise? But they do not seem to me to have been like men who waged a defensive warfare, however persistently or bravely. Our Forefathers sought the contest. They pressed it. They renewed it again and again against primeval conditions and foes. They

seldom retreated even an inch, and then doggedly, determined to take up the advance again at their first opportunity. They never surrendered their purpose; and they never quit their endeavor. The theme of war is not currently popular in our time, but I notice that we all kindle yet when any one speaks of the men of the past who "fought a good fight." The martial soul is in us, and it will not out. There is said to be a bulletin in a western hotel lobby which reads, "Boarders taken here by the day, week or month. Those who do not pay promptly will be taken by the neck." (Laughter.) I do not commend this as a Christian principle, for it is quite the opposite. But I am obliged to admit that there are times (perhaps in other countries), when it works pretty well. Our Forefathers were fighters, and for the most part it was an individual fight which they waged. Each man was for himself; each colony was for itself. Even to their detriment sometimes, as we see it now, they were individualists. The principle which seemed to come least naturally to them was union, and they never really acquired it in their day.

I like this about them. It commends them to my temper. More than that, it teaches us a useful lesson, namely, that the first, (may I not say the greatest?) factor of progress is self-assertion, enterprise, the prowess of the individual. The first great concept of human life is self. The first great battle of every man is to achieve himself. The old maxim, too often erased now, is still fearfully true, "Every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost." The law of gravitation upward began so, and it has continued so until this present moment, and there is no sign that it will ever be cancelled from the statute book of nature. I shall admit presently that another great law of progress has come to recognition later, to moralize and enlarge this primitive instinct of the race, but it has not supplanted or fundamentally changed that first instinct. I stand ready to say as much as any man for the value of organization and association, so long as they are kept within their proper limits. No doubt a well organized army of men, in which each man is an expert fighter, is all the stronger and more effective for being competently officered and closely knit. But let no one suppose that the mere assembling and drilling of men can ever make an effective mass, independent of the qualities of the persons composing it. Any preaching or practicing of a law of society, whether called sociology or socialism, which leaves out of account the fundamental law of self—first, last, and all the time—is a menace, whose pleasant face and alluring words are not to be trusted for a moment. We shall have no good or strong society except by continuing to produce good and strong members of it one by one, as in the past. The individual is the fundamental factor of

all well-being and progress, and the chief concern of all moral thinking.

It is this indelible conviction which gives us, as I believe, our perpetual interest in the hero, the fighter, the man who dares, the man who succeeds. Really, he dominates the field of interest for us all. Great movements and periods of history are best remembered by the persons who came to the front through them. Most of the charming names of the past are those of persons of achievement. We have a happy habit of marking the progress of the race with the names of men and women of distinction. Even when great movements were the work of many persons, or of close federation, we like to single out some one of the workers, and to assemble all the virtues of his time in his name, that we may more distinctly keep in mind what was done. It matters much, then, that people shall continue to be born with good stuff in them; that they shall have favorable opportunities for self-discovery and discipline; and that our social organizations shall not prevent them from the free exploitation of their own souls according to their individual needs. All the great imperatives of life are from God to the individual souls of His people. Sin is missing the mark. Salvation is hitting the mark. The sinner is the man who makes a miss; the saint is the man who makes a hit. Every man is saved, (that is, "safe"), when he "makes good" with the manifold opportunities entrusted to him in life, each one for himself, under the illumination and guidance of his God.

It is their success in accomplishing this which makes the story of the men and women of the Revolution so inspiring to me. In cooperation they were lamentably weak and unsuccessful. They were suspicious of alinement, and they held together poorly, even when it was to their interest to do so. They had no faith in union, nor was their victory achieved by it. In this respect no doubt they fell behind the achievements of their Sons; but they were right in not being willing to sacrifice their personal or their colonial independence for any plan of union which they distrusted. Our times are much more confident of what can be accomplished by organization, even to the extent of preaching it as a new and better gospel for the race. In reply, I think that we may safely say that the Fathers of the American Revolution did not think so. They believed in the individual soul, in individual right and wrong, and in individual duty and effort. For this I reverently honor them, and rejoice to be a follower in their steps.

But my topic directs that I shall say something also about another great word, Comradeship, and the question may have arisen in your minds as I have been speaking, whether I have left any standing room for such an idea. I beg to assure you that I have, for I hold comradeship

to be the great supplementary principle and duty of our age. Possibly some of you may prefer the more familiar word, Brotherhood, but for the time being, at least, there is some advantage in not using it. A "brother," technically, is one who comes into relations with me without my choice. I may find these relations agreeable and mutually helpful, or I may find them quite the opposite. A comrade is one whom I choose for myself; one whom I come to appreciate, to honor and to fellowship of my own freewill. I enter voluntarily into the interests of his life, and I admit him to the secrets and possessions of my life. It is an interesting question, what effect this alliance necessarily has upon the individualism of which I have been speaking so emphatically. Does it impinge on it vitally? Does it tend to supersede it? Having discovered the law of comradeship, is the earlier law of self-interest retired from authority? Not in the slightest, in my judgment. Indeed, I think it is quite true to say, that we can never really do our duty towards another's interests until we have discovered and achieved our own interests. For instance, is it not true that I first learn the value of another person's rights by discovering how much my rights are worth to me? Until I know the value of a dollar to me, I can scarcely know what a dollar is worth to another person, or how wrong it would be for me to take it from him. Until I know the value of my own liberty, I am in no proper position to feel the wickedness of abridging another person's liberty. If I have a home, a business, an honor, a lover, and appreciate them highly, I am a much safer man for other people to trust and fellowship than if I cherished none of these things, because in this way I have discovered the value of such things to every person, whoever he may be.

Comradeship may be said then, I think, to be the society of the personally virtuous and successful, and the only society which can be depended upon to last on its own merits. It does not do away with the principle of individualism, nor tend to weaken personal ambition or enterprise. Indeed, it tends to strengthen selfhood by giving it a nobler and broader sphere for sympathy and action. If an individual, with his attention on himself only, feels an impulse to play his part well in the world for his own sake, will not that impulse be strengthened a thousand fold when he becomes vitally interested in a thousand other people, in a community or a nation? The fact is, that the wider our comradeship becomes in life, the more imperative becomes the demand on each of us to be and to do our utmost, and the more severe the penalty for failure. So, if a person really has an ambition to become a great big self, to grow upward and outward to the full extent of his capacity, the very best prescription for him is comradeship, and more

and more of it. This is really the Scripture doctrine of "loving one's neighbor as one's self," because the best good of both is secured by it at the same time, and in the same proportion.

In this direction I think we may say, truly, that the Sons of the American Revolution have an opportunity to exceed their more famous Forefathers. Those earlier men feared union, as they loved freedom. But with us union has become a passion. We fairly run towards an ideal which seemed to the men of the Revolution, at least to many of them, to be a menace. They came together because their necessities compelled them, rather than through love of confederacy. It was a long and painful discipline, in which the British red-coats did them, and us, a far greater service than was evident at the time. The Continentals were hammered together on the hot anvil of war. The pugnacity of George III unwittingly served well the very ideals he attacked so furiously.

The problem of our time is different; not to appreciate union, nor merely to achieve it, but to moralize it; to make it intelligent and strong as well as comprehensive; composed of the best people for the best ends of life. There is a comradeship of career, as well as of sentiment and good feeling. It is a pleasant thing to come together here at a dinner for a feast of reason and a flow of soul. It is congenial and profitable in its way. Differences, and even alienations, give way before "the flowing bowl." But the demand of our time is for "a more perfect union"; a union of the virtuous and strong for the sake of the unvirtuous or the weak; a union of the morally successful against the success of vice and intrigue. I do not know of anything more imperative to-day than that good people and strong people should get together, quite regardless of party preferences, creeds, or particular traditions, for the good that they can do as a competent, moral factor in social welfare. Surely, when the vultures are organizing, the eagles should be doing the same. Union is not a blessing unless it is a union of good men; it may even be a direr curse. You of this city and State of New York, my native State, have done well recently in drawing this line of cleavage in an important election. You have elected a Governor of superb equipment, as his work in the past has sufficiently indicated. You have much to expect from his term of service in a high station among you, provided now that you stand together and uphold him in his difficult position until he has opportunity to make good, (applause), as he will do, if you do not go back on him. (Applause.) I live at a considerable distance from you of this city, but we of Massachusetts are intensely interested in this question of what you are going to do now that the issue of your recent election is decided. That was only the beginning of the fight for purer,

stronger government, and I say with all the spirit in me, that if this man, whom you have chosen to go before you, is not able to make good in the position to which you have lifted him, it will be because the best people of this state do not stand by him and support him in every edict of his conscientious, devoted life. (Applause.) There are enough good people in this state, perhaps several times over, to make him secure and conquering throughout his administration, if they shall come together, and keep together, in a comradeship of moral purpose and endeavor.

The old idea of a Kingdom of Heaven on earth is one which is animating and directing much of our modern thinking and endeavoring, as well as our praying. We are not putting our heavenly hopes so far forward as we did formerly. The possibilities of the near future are growing upon us. The text, "Soberly, righteously and godly, in this present world," is appealing to us more than it used to do. The vision of "the holy city, coming down from God out of heaven," is growing more distinct as something which may be achieved in our time in part, and more perfectly later, perhaps soon, if we set ourselves to accomplish it. I am reminded of a man who said that he had a dream, and it came true. He dreamed that he was awake, and it came true in the morning. (Laughter.) Canon Freemantle's idea, expounded in his Bampton Lectures of 1883, of "The World as the Subject of Redemption," has gained an immense distribution in the past quarter of a century. People who used to pray fervently, though somewhat aimlessly, for the coming of the Kingdom of God, are now saying to one another, "We can do it, if we will." Best of all, our sense of responsibility for doing it promptly and thoroughly is growing upon us, as the possibility of doing it grows clearer. "Enterprise and Comradeship" are becoming not merely pleasant ideals to be cherished, but moral mandates to be obeyed. We are under orders to be all that we possibly can be in ourselves as individuals. This is the first great law of being. We are under orders further to enlist in the service of the near future with all virtuous and vigorous souls. What is possible of accomplishment under such a view of life and duty, none of us can tell distinctly, but the outlook is simply roseate as a day-break in June.

A few months ago I stood with a group of Americans at the gate of Buckingham Palace, London, awaiting the return of the King and Queen from Portsmouth. They were expected by the way of Victoria Station, and all eyes were turned in that direction. The day was superb. The city was all peace and beauty, so far as an observer could see; a fit preparation for the return of their majesties. Presently they appeared, riding in an open carriage; the King sitting up very straight and un-

conscious of our presence, as I suppose a King should be; the Queen smiling and bowing graciously to her admirers at the gate. The royal couple passed swiftly by, and drove under the great arch of the palace from our view. Soon after, the King's banner was flung to the evening breeze from the mast above the front door of the palace, and the carriage of the Prime Minister of England bore him to a prompt interview with his Sovereign. It was all very impressive and appealing to the imagination. My mind refused to leave it as we wended our way homeward, and gradually it stretched out in sympathy towards those citizens of the British realm whose stations in life are far removed from the dignity, the glory, and the welfare of their capital city. I thought of those in remote parts of the British world, whose fortunes are primitive and perhaps distressing, who might at that very hour be saying to themselves: "O King Edward, I wish that thy kingdom might come, and thy will be done, in this neck-of-the-woods, as it is done in London"; then, being cheered by that thought, might go back to their work on the frontier with a lighter heart, and a braver face. But, is not that precisely what we are taught to pray for in the prayer which is fast becoming the aspiration of all good men: "Our Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come (in earth). Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven, etc." Every line of that prayer begins in heaven, the throne of all dear ideals, and stretches towards this world, our home, in promise and blessing. The world is only a farther colony of the divine Kingdom, all of which is sometime to be transformed into a heavenly image; and our business here, I take it, is to help that transformation along as fast as we are able. Is not that a splendid ideal and ambition? Is there any nobler resolution than a sincere purpose and endeavor on the part of each of us, that so dear an ideal shall not lose its early fulfilment through any weakness or faithlessness on our part? For is it not true, as Julia Ward Howe has instructed us:

"He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment-seat:
O, be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant, my feet!
 Our God is marching on." (Loud applause.)

PRESIDENT MARBLE.

For reasons of modesty, it was not considered advisable for us to print on the program the names of all our speakers; and not only for that reason, but we thought we might have a surprise in store for you.

I take pleasure in presenting to you Mrs. Donald McLean, President-General of the Daughters of the American Revolution, who will speak for the Daughters. (Applause.)

SPEECH BY MRS. DONALD McLEAN.

Mr. President, your Excellency, my co-president in our national work:—Engaging candor is always a proof of the sweet, confiding nature of woman, and that in turn is ever a call upon the protecting care of man. As I wish to stimulate instantly that sentiment of chivalrous protection, I shall engage in that engaging candor and tell you that this would have been a most brilliant and spontaneous outpouring of extemporary eloquence if I had not been warned beforehand by the President. It is very hard for one who likes to have a little prestige by talking extemporaneously to have been fully warned, and yet we know very well that a president can show no greater kindness to another president than to put her wise in secret as to what is going to take place in public. I appreciate that chivalry, Mr. President, and in response I shall try to say a word of greeting, although I am so femininely fatuous that I never know entirely what I intend to say to an audience composed largely of men until I have heard them say it first. (Laughter.)

I have had extraordinary advantages to-night. I have had the judiciary on one side, and if I speak with a little more of grave dogmatism than usual, you will understand the reason. If I speak like a Delphic oracle of feminine statesmanship, it is because I have been near one whom we know not only as our coming Governor, but for whom we see in the future far greater things, if the Governor of New York can ever be eclipsed by anything.

I would say to our bold Lochinvar from Michigan, we welcome *you*. I will tell you what happened when the Daughters of the Revolution there had a banquet. The men were not even allowed to come into the room. The Reverend Doctor has come where he can be recognized. (Laughter.) I wish to assure him, however, that however much he may deplore the voice of the croaker (Croker), it is still heard in the land. I do not know that it was entirely an unwelcome sound during the late campaign. (Laughter.) I wonder if that meliorating party which has been called to our attention might even meliorate the sound of the croaker's voice when it croaked in the way it did in the last few weeks.

There are many things that the Daughters of the American Revolution are doing, but chiefly they are fitting themselves to be the companions of the representatives of high statesmanship in this country—not

to gratify masculine vanity, because, of course, none of us has ever discovered that quality in the masculine ranks. These women know no higher latitude towards which they may aspire than that of becoming the true soul companions of the men who have not only made, but will keep and preserve our nation. I believe it to be the case that the men and women of this country and the American men and women who, after all, are concentrated in the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution, will be the saviors of the country. (Applause.)

It may have been a welcome sound to our Governor to have heard our National President, Mr. Pugsley, quote from one of the President's sayings, that it mattered not very much whether we are Republicans or Democrats; it may be welcome to our Governor when he takes his seat, surrounded as he may be by his co-officers. I would say that it may not matter much whether we are Republicans or Democrats, but it does matter that we are patriots. And I would assure you—not that I dare to enter this sacred field of politics, but with the charming irresponsibility that comes to one who has no real care in casting a ballot and therefore can form and express opinions without any great consequence—that the day is coming when the parties as they are now lined up will be no more in this land, and he who is wise will pin his faith to the patriots. (Applause.) The Patriotic Party is the coming party in the United States of America, and all should know it.

The Daughters ask nothing more than to be the Joans of Arc coming forward with the prophecy of restoring the king to his own. We say to you that we daughters are engaged in the great work of teaching Americanism, in order that an American may be worthy of the highest type within his country, and that highest type is its greatest manhood. (Applause.) We are now building a hall in New York and a memorial monument in Washington which will cost one-half million dollars, but which will be as nothing besides its great crystallization of happy memories of the days gone by when we women have felt that the patriotic blood flowed through our own veins and gave us the womanly strength to have faith in our ancestors and faith in the future. We do not build in dead stone alone. We are now arranging that from this hall which we are building there shall be spread forth lectures upon American history so free to the public that all who will may read. We number now fifty odd thousand. I have recently come from visits to the Northwest and Middle West, where the growth and the love of the virility of the continent astonished even myself.

You all know that if I have one fear in this world, it is of the super-abounding intelligence of man. I might have been afraid to come here

had I not been placed in a far worse predicament in the State of Iowa.. There I was welcomed to the great University by the Dean of the Law School and the President, and made to feel that, after all, the intellect of woman was on a plane which could be recognized. I was invited to address 1,200 students on that occasion, and while I recognized the fact that I might not be able to do it, I could not have the courage to refuse. I would be derelict to the sacred cause of my sex if I failed to respond, so I humbly accepted the invitation to address that body of students, upon what topic, Mr. President—upon football, if you please. Fancy the position in which I found myself; but remembering the training that I football game within their reach for several years previously, I essayed the task with confidence. I think those 1,200 students knew more about football than I did, but when I was through and the meeting was over I think that we all knew more about each other.

The President of that University told me that his students, those 1,200 boys, had raised with enormous jackscrews, a great, heavy stone-building and had transplanted it and placed it on firm foundations where they most desired it to be. It was customary there to have great teams of horses attached to these jackscrews, but they used man power; and I feel that that is the great secret of all Americanism—man power behind and concentrated with all the other great man power of the country which, by putting the hand to the screw, lifts and raises the nation's material existence and raises its highest ideals in the face of the world. It is the individual concentration of power that makes for the good of American men, of American women; and I feel that the Daughters of the American Revolution, when they stand as they do, willing to aid and asking the men only to give women their moral support, intelligent advice and constant approval, constitute a great factor for good. Without such support and approval, the concentrated woman is too unhappy to take up any work; but the approval of the sons and the work of the daughters will bring a grand, completed whole which will make us all long for something beyond the foolish pride of ancestry. It is this that makes us live up to the example of love before us. Heaven has given us one great gift that you men would not take from us and which we would not barter for every gift of worldly success, and that is the fact that we give, of our own bodies, the citizens to make this country what it is. (Applause.) We are the maternity of the country; we stand for you, the generic women of America. It is to us that you must come to see that your citizens breathe in at our knees that which we place around them. I would quote to you these words:

"The bravest battle that ever was fought—
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the map of the world you will find it not,
It was fought by the mothers of men."

(Loud applause.)

PRESIDENT MARBLE.

I feel that it would hardly be just to the members of the bench who were present here to-night, who have been somewhat maligned by some of our speakers, not to give them a chance to defend themselves, and as I have a personal friend here to-night, I feel that I would be unjust to him if I did not give him a chance to refute the statements that have been made. Let me say that I did not give him any warning. I call upon the Hon. John Proctor Clarke, of the Appellate Bench.

SPEECH OF HON. JOHN PROCTOR CLARKE.

This is the first time I have been called upon since I have been on the bench. I feel like answering as the boy did in school, "not prepared." Although a man of peace, I love war, and as I feel that I sit here between two of the greatest exemplars of the warlike spirit in the world—the President of the Daughters of the American Revolution and the son of our greatest General, the greatest war lord this country has produced in a hundred years, I feel in a warlike mood. I glory in the deeds of the soldiers of America, looking back through all its history from its earliest beginnings to the latest fights. I see in the soldier, whether regular or volunteer, no diminution in the spirit of sacrifice, in the spirit of loyalty and in the spirit of initiative. I recall in the last few years over in the Philippines, such pieces of work as was done in the rescue of Gilmore, and, in the Cuban war, the bravery of Victor Blue. The bravery displayed in these instances was as fine as anything recorded in history. I saw 250,000 young men come to the call of the colors in the Spanish war. There is something in the Divine Providence which says that once in every generation we will test whether the red blood has run out or not. We had the Revolution, the War of 1812, the War of 1848, and the Rebellion of 1861-4-5, and we had the late Spanish war. During every generation in the history of the country the blood has been taken out and put into a microscope, so to say, to see whether the patriotic germ was there doing its duty, and it has been found there every time, and so it will be. But it is something more than war. We have got peace, and we have got harder battles to fight in peace. I stand almost humbly and inarticulately when I say that in the position of Governor and upon the bench we stand as the fortification from which, more than any other place, are to be led out the hosts which are to fight the great battles of peace and insure to this country liberty under the law, liberty under the law! It is our place to teach to the young, to teach to the immigrant, to teach to the half-sane, the half-baked, the people led astray by false dogma, taught by false demagogues through headlines and appeals to class hatred and passion—to teach to them through the orderly process of law that there is no place in this Government for anything but law and order. (Applause.) I say, as against those forces

of ignorance and vice and crime and good intentions wrongly led, we have, through every avenue—from the pulpit, from the bench, from the school-house, from the lecture platform, and, occasionally from the dinner table, to teach to the half-baked and the half-educated and the good-intentioned who are wrongly led, the course they should pursue to become estimable citizens. Every one of those classes may be a menace to the community if badly led and badly taught. We have to teach that, after all, liberty, peace, prosperity and good citizenship can only succeed under an orderly government of law, and that to rectify the evil it is not necessary to burn houses, to lead mobs, to break all the laws or to change all the laws; all that is necessary to do is to observe the spirit of the law, to observe the Golden Rule, which is the foundation of all law, and to teach, by our conduct in the pulpit, on the bench, in the school-house, at the bar, in public and private life, respect for the rights of others and a determination to insure their respect for ours. (Applause.)

PRESIDENT MARBLE.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, the 17th annual banquet of the Empire State Society of the Sons of the American Revolution is completed.

PATRIOTISM AND PEACE.

Sermon Delivered Before the Empire State Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, by Rev. Frank Oliver Hall, D. D.,
Chaplain of the Society, at the Church of the
Divine Paternity, February 24th, 1907.

II Tim. 2: 4.—“Take your share of hardships as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.”

The day of the soldier is passing away. The time will come when armies will be reduced to the size necessary for the performance of international police service and the chief duty of navies will be to protect the merchant and fishing fleets upon the high seas, to reduce piracy and smuggling and to keep barbarous nations in conformity to civilized law. Public sentiment sets steadily in this direction. In spite of the fact that armies were never so large as they are to-day; in spite of the fact that never in the history of the world was so much wealth expended for the creation of gigantic and expensive warships; in spite of the fact that the bloodiest war of modern times has recently been fought in Manchuria; in spite of all this, yea, because of all this, the day of the soldier is drawing to its close. The increasing perfection of the instruments of warfare is sealing the doom of war. The time is near when nations cannot go to war without courting the destruction of both parties engaged. War has become so enormously expensive in wealth and in life as to threaten financial bankruptcy and vital degeneration to nations who engage in it. If the art of destruction develops as rapidly during the next twenty-five years as it has during the past twenty-five, the next generation will be obliged to go to a lunatic asylum to find men that advocate war. War will be equivalent to national suicide. The railroad, the steamship, the stock company, the intermingling of all nationalities made possible by perfected means of communication, all point to the ultimate overthrow of the institution of warfare. All classes and conditions of men are looking for the day when nations shall lay down their arms. Capitalists fear war because their investments are in all countries and their markets in every port. The great labor organizations are a unit in condemning war. Kings and emperors and presidents are advocating peace. The day of the soldier is passing away.

Add to this the increasing sympathy between all classes and conditions of men. We have reached the point in human development when the thought of cruelty or unnecessary suffering is intolerable to us. We read the story of massacre, burning, killing and cruelty of the past and our hearts turn sick. The world is rebellious against the awful waste and the unspeakable misery of war, even at its best. Provision has already been made and is steadily being perfected for the abolition of war. We have in embryo a supreme court of the nations, the business of which is to establish a code of international law and to provide for the settlement of international disputes by the arbitrament of justice and not by the arbitrament of arms. The parliament of man and the federation of the world is sure to become an established fact. The day of the soldier is passing away.

If any one doubts let him compare public sentiment of our time with the public sentiment in the time of the man who wrote this exhortation, "Be a good soldier of Jesus Christ." In that day the soldier's was the only honorable occupation. All other occupations were held in contempt. The way to public preferment was through the army. No one would have thought of promoting a working man or a merchant to any place in public authority. The young man of ambition sought the army as a matter of course. That was the open door to advancement. And this held true almost to the present day; it still holds true in some countries. But in our own country, in England, in France, the majority of men holding the highest places of honor and trust have sprung not from the warrior but from the peaceful classes. All things point to the coming of the reign of peace on earth.

When that day arrives we shall have lost something unless we manage somehow to preserve the soldierly virtues. There are certain qualities of the soldier with which we cannot afford to dispense. If we do we shall have lost more by peace than the world could have lost by war. It is this fact that has led some great and good men like Ruskin and Martineau to advocate the perpetuation of war. Said Ruskin: "The vice and injustice of the world are constantly springing anew and are only to be subdued by battle; the keepers of law and order must always be soldiers." In another place, the same author says, "War is the foundation of all the arts, and it is the foundation of all the high virtues and faculties of men. It was very strange to me to discover this; and very dreadful—but I saw it to be quite an undeniable fact. The common notion that peace and the virtues of civil life flourish together, I found to be wholly untenable. Peace and the vices of civil life only flourish together. We talk of peace and learning, and peace and plenty, and of

peace and civilization; but I found that these were not the words which the Muse of History coupled together; that on her lips the words were peace and sensuality, peace and selfishness, peace and corruption, peace and death."

I have not quoted this because I think it absolutely true, but because it contains a most important truth, that is that human society is kept sweet and wholesome only by the exercise of certain qualities characteristic of the good soldier. And the danger of peace, the danger of prosperity, the danger of the tremendous increase of wealth and luxury of the present day is that these stern soldierly qualities may be atrophied because there is no strenuous call for their exercise.

We love the soldier because he is the embodiment of the spirit of sacrifice for the common good. A few years ago I had pointed out to me the man who raised the first company of Massachusetts volunteers for the Civil War. He was only a small farmer, a very commonplace individual. No one had mistrusted that there was anything heroic about him. One day he was engaged in no more poetic occupation than dressing a slaughtered hog in his barn, sleeves rolled up and hands stained red by his work. Some one passing brought word that President Lincoln had called for seventy-five thousand troops to put down the insurrection. In an instant his knife went into a post at his side and without pausing to pull down his sleeves or wash his hands, he went out into the street and began the work of raising a company of volunteers, and that night he telegraphed to the Governor in Boston to expect him on the morrow with his company. The next day they arrived and he went all through the awful struggle, receiving in his body the wounds of the enemy, and when the war was over went back to his daily toil. I know nothing about the man's character other than this incident but we honor him because of this one redeeming quality.

When the good of the country calls everything else must wait. Here am I, send me.

At the outbreak of the Civil War Robert Collyer was a minister in the city of Chicago. When the battle of Fort Donelson was fought he and his people gathered lint and bandages and medicine, and he with a band of helpers started immediately for the battle field to be of service to the wounded. When he came back he told his people what he had seen. I recall one incident. He told about a lad, born on a farm in Illinois—a country bumpkin—an ignoramus—converted at a revival in a schoolhouse where the noise would have driven you or me insane. No one would have seen a hero in this awkward lad. But he loved his country and went marching toward the battle front and stood like one of

Napoleon's Old Guard until he was shot down, and then dragged himself to some bushes hard by and managed somehow to get himself onto his knees and fell to praying, not for himself but that the God of battles would give the victory to the friends of freedom, and there they found him with his hands clasped, and his sightless eyes turned toward heaven. There were thousands like him who died with absolute devotion to what they felt to be right and to their country's welfare.

Now, I hope that the time will never come when the necessities of our country will call for the lives of her sons on the battle field, but the time will never come when our country can dispense with this spirit on the part of her citizens.

What think you this country needs to-day more than anything else? One will say, "More and better laws. Laws against the tyranny of labor; laws against the extortions of monopoly; strenuous laws against bribery and corruption." But a law has no power in itself. "So much force as it has in the lives of living men, such is its strength," cries Emerson. There are laws enough upon the statute books of the state of New York to make this city as holy as the New Jerusalem. The trouble with us is not that we lack law, but that we lack the spirit of patriotism in the heart of the individual in the time of peace. Must we wait for bloody strife before we can be patriots, ready to sacrifice for our country, and ready to brand with contempt him who lifts his hand against the common good? Do you know what they did during the Civil War with men called "bounty-jumpers," men who enlisted for a price to serve the country and at the first opportunity deserted to enlist again in another place for a second fee? Do you know what they did with such fellows when caught? They hung them to the limb of the nearest tree, or left them riddled with bullets. Do you recall what Abraham Lincoln did with Vallandigham, the renegade, who encouraged desertion from the northern armies by preaching treason? He sent him to prison and from prison to banishment. Do you know what we should do to-day with bribe givers and bribe takers, the bounty jumpers of peace, men who sell franchises, and public officers who prove unfaithful to their trust? If we had the spirit of the soldier we would ship them to the African or Alaskan wilderness with the information that if they returned they must expect the fate of a bounty jumper. That is what we need to-day in our American life, the spirit of the honorable soldier who will die before he will do anything dishonorable, and who demands that dishonor shall have no place in the lives of American citizens. The shame of the present time is that we hold our liberty so lightly. Why did the men of '76 suffer and hunger and freeze and die of disease? In order that you

and I might be citizens of a free and honorable country. Why did the men of '61 lay down their lives by the thousand and fertilize by their blood the fields of the South? In order that American institutions might be preserved. And we poor weaklings at this moment are allowing our institutions to be honeycombed with corruption and turned over to rings and grafters, combinations of criminals. The shame of the political corruption does not belong alone to the politician. It belongs to us all. God baptize us all with the spirit of the soldier who holds the honor of his country above his personal comfort and happiness, above his very life.

This is the first virtue of the soldier, a disposition to sacrifice one's individual welfare for the public good and without which in the life of the individual citizen it is certain that a state cannot endure. The opposite of this is the disposition to corrupt the political life or the social life or the commercial life of the nation for one's own enrichment or honor or aggrandizement. That is treason, and the man who thrusts a lie, or a bribe, or a dishonorable act into the life of the country is as much a traitor as Benedict Arnold.

Another virtue characteristic of the good soldier is courage. I sometimes think that it takes a higher quality of courage to be a good citizen in time of peace than it does to be a good soldier in time of war. This is by no means to disparage the courage of the men who face death on the battlefield. I love the story of the bravery of men which carried them to certain death in the storming of forts or in the contests of navies. But battles are fought in company. Men have the encouragement of comradeship. Each one knows that the eyes of his fellows are upon him, and that any flinching on his part will be noted. There is magic in "together." Men will be brave in regiments who might be cowardly alone. The courage demanded of the citizen in time of peace is the courage to stand alone.

I recall with satisfaction an incident in the life of Thomas B. Reed, told me in private by a friend who was one of the political powers of his day, and which can be told in public now that Mr. Reed has gone to the reward of all brave men. It was at the time when he was widely spoken of as a possible president of the Republic, when he had earned the right to that honor by long, faithful and disinterested public service. The gentleman to whom I refer, with others who believed in Mr. Reed, went to him and told him what he must do in order to win the nomination which would be equivalent to an election. And mind you, he coveted this honor. It was more to him than life. They sat and talked with him for an hour, telling him what was necessary in order to achieve his worthy ambition. Some people must be placated. Such-and-such

pledges must be made. He must bind himself to this man, tie himself to that interest, make a pledge here, a pledge there, a pledge somewhere else. That would unite all factions in his favor, and success was assured. "He let us talk an hour," said this gentleman, "and when we had mapped out the campaign and were sanguine of success, he calmly said, 'Gentlemen, I want to be president. If the American people want me in the office I am ready to serve them. It is my dearest ambition, but if in order to become president of the Republic I must make a single pledge or do anything that will compromise me in that exalted office, I shall remain a private citizen.'" "Well," said his friend, "he rose very high in our estimation, but that settled his fate. He could not be president." You know the sequel. He retired from public office, and a few years later died a disappointed man; but I want to tell you that whether history recognizes the fact or not, he was a greater man than he would have been if he had become president by compromising his honor.

It takes the supreme quality of courage to stand alone for what one thinks to be right in the face of pleading friends and the subtle temptations by which one may be induced to shade the truth for his own advancement. What we need to-day in public and private affairs is the courage to be poor and honest rather than rich and corrupt; the courage to stand alone in self respect, rather than to win the respect of others through sharp practice; the courage to be laughed at as a fool and sneered at as a fanatic, as men who have stood in advance of their time have been laughed at and sneered at since time began.

The final virtue of the soldier which I shall mention this evening, very much needed in our civil life, is the one specially emphasized in the letter of Paul to the young man Timothy. "Be ready to take your share of hardships as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." Think of the hardships that a soldier is called upon to endure. I have sat around the campfire with soldiers of the Civil War and heard them tell of incredible hardships. Some aspects of war are glorious, some indescribably hideous. Think of men dressed in rags, gaunt with hunger, racked with disease, sleeping on the frozen ground without blankets, but marching and fighting and dying without a murmur. Oh, the horror and the hideousness of war! But the good soldier endures hardships and does not complain. Endure hardships as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

I once turned to a young man, a member of a class that I was instructing, and said, "John, do you call yourself a Christian?" And his answer was a frank and dogged "No." "Why not?" He said, "I will tell you. You know my business. I am employed by a contractor to superintend the erection of buildings for which he has made the contract.

I know what he has agreed to do. He has agreed to supply such a quality of mortar or brick or timber or paint. The contract will call for the first quality of mortar. I am told to prepare a second or a third quality and use that. I do it. I am a party to a cheat. Why do I do it? To keep my place. There are twenty men who would instantly be ready to take my place if I were to lose it. I should lose it if I were to refuse to be party to a cheat. Jesus Christ would not have been party to a cheat. As a carpenter he never put rotten timber into the construction of his work. I do. I am not a Christian." Then he turned to the rest of the young men in the class and said, "How about you? Are you not in the same position?" They agreed to a man that they were, and, therefore, that they were not Christians. I think they were right. No man is a good soldier of Jesus Christ who does in his business what he would be ashamed to acknowledge in the presence of the great Captain. Now, what is the word for such young men—old men—all men? "Endure hardships as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." Lose your place, if you must. Go hungry if necessary. Starve, if that is inevitable. Be a tramp if society forces you to be one. But be an honest tramp. Starve with self respect. Demand of yourself in civil life expression of the same virtues you would demand of a soldier of the Republic in military life. Do not whine. Don't complain. But be a man. Every man who is party to a cheat is party to the overthrow of the best in our social life. Every man who accepts pay in return for doing what he knows to be a wrong is bribed as much as any judge who for money renders a false verdict, or legislator who for gold passes a law to the public detriment. There is no hope for the purification of politics until the lives of the individual citizens are pure. Our public officials are what we make them. They are expression of the public life. If the people of Philadelphia are robbed by their City Council it is because they deserve to be robbed. If the administration of the City of New York is corrupt, it is because we deserve to have it corrupt. We choose our own generals and captains and lieutenants. They are what we make them. We shall have good officers when we ourselves are good soldiers of Jesus Christ.

The spirit of self sacrifice for the public good; courage to stand alone; willingness to endure our share of hardships without complaint. Ruskin was right with the change of a single sentence, "The vice and injustice of the world are constantly springing anew and are only to be subdued by battle. The keepers of law and order must always possess the qualities of the good soldier." "Take your share of hardships as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

JOHN HANCOCK: THE MAN AND THE PATRIOT.

A Paper Read Before the Empire State Society Sons of the American Revolution, New York City, March 19, 1907.

BY ALLEN C. THOMAS, A. M., PROFESSOR OF HISTORY IN HAVERFORD COLLEGE, PENNSYLVANIA.

"Let us now praise famous men,
Such as did bear rule in their kingdoms,
And were men renowned for their power,
Giving counsel by their understanding, . . .
Leaders of the people by their counsels. . . .
Rich men furnished with ability,
Living peaceably in their habitations:
All these were honored in their generations,
And were a glory in their days.
There be of them that have left a name behind them,
To declare their praises.
And some there be which have no memorial:
Who have perished as though they had not been,
And are become as though they had not been born."

(Ecclesiasticus, 44: 1-9)

These words of the Son of Sirach, the ancient Hebrew sage, in the Apocrypha, are strangely applicable to John Hancock, the hero of Massachusetts in the eighteenth century, the idol of her people, "whose noble signature to the document of gravest import in all our annals—that wonderful signature, so bold, so defiant and decided in its every line and curve, has become almost of itself, his passport to the remembrance and his warrant to the admiration of posterity." (A. Gilman, Atlantic Monthly, XI: 707.)

It is certainly one of the strangest things in our history that to this day there is no adequate biography of John Hancock. It is true that there are one or two brief sketches of his life, one of his attractive and charming wife, a few magazine articles; but a biography such as those of Samuel Adams, John Adams, Patrick Henry, and a host of men more or less distinguished during the Revolutionary era, does not exist for

him who at the time stood in the very forefront of public affairs and who risked life, property, and all that a man holds most dear, for his country. Surely the man who was for nigh thirty years the most popular citizen of Massachusetts, deserves better treatment than he has received at the hands of most historians, and from the biographers of his contemporaries.

It is idle to deny that he had infirmities of temper; who would not have such, if he were the martyr to gout as was Hancock? It is also undeniable that he was afflicted with attacks of vanity, or something which closely resembled it.

He is charged, when President of Congress, with living in fine style at the expense of the country, while the soldiers were starving. But it is not stated that he drew no salary as President, or that he was not repaid for his outlay until the war was practically over (1783), when he was voted by Congress "\$3,248 in full for household and other expenses for two years and five months, being the time he acted as President of Congress." (*Journals of Congress*, March 31, 1783.) Doubtless this was paid, if it was paid, for I believe there is no record of the payment, in the depreciated money of those trying days. He is charged with being a smuggler; but in the eyes of many eminent and honorable men of that day in New England, smuggling was considered not only not reprehensible, but even praiseworthy. He is said to have been below mediocrity in ability; but his letters, official papers, and his recommendations to the General Court do not indicate such a condition of mind. He had numerous detractors in his own time, and they have not been wanting in our day. One of the latest of these, the somewhat supercilious "Philistine" who gives "heart to heart talks to his flock," and describes "Little Journeys" to homes of various kinds, has been pleased to term him "a defaulter," "a smuggler," "a man who joined the patriots to save his own neck." "Those that live in glass houses should not throw stones, is a proverb old, and of excellent wit."

Whatever ground there may be for some of the charges against him, we must acknowledge that his dilatoriness in settling his accounts as Treasurer of Harvard College is inexplicable.

That Hancock has been neglected and undervalued, and neglected because undervalued, is partly due to the fact that for the average inquirer the sources of information are very limited, and because the fullest and most accessible accounts are hostile to him. Many, if not most, of our modern statements concerning him may be traced to Wells's Life of Samuel Adams. This work, a most interesting and valuable one, is written by the great-grandson of Adams, and no opportunity is lost to

magnify his ancestor, even at the expense of others. Samuel Adams, however, needs no such bolstering. The tone of this book is distinctly adverse to Hancock, and almost every good thing which he did is ascribed to the influence of Samuel Adams.

For a hundred years only a simple slab marked his grave, but in 1896, on the motion of a negro member of the Massachusetts Legislature, a simple monument to John Hancock was erected in the old Granary Burying Ground in Boston, at the public expense. But the interest then aroused was short-lived.

It is not claimed that he was intellectually great; he must be placed considerable below the Adamses, Otis, and Warren; but that he was no mediocre man, or "empty barrel," as he has been called more than once, his record indicates very decidedly. Were there time, it would be of interest to give a chronological record of his public life, but suffice it to say that a man who was sent to the legislature continuously for eight years in troublous times, who was on every important committee, moderator of important public meetings, representative to the Continental Congress, President of it for two and a half years, re-elected in his absence, Governor of such a State as Massachusetts for eleven years, and chairman of the convention to consider the adoption of the Federal Constitution, which was finally adopted largely through his influence—must have had more than mediocre ability. Surely such a record cannot be accounted for by the fact that he was the richest man in the Province, whose position, wealth, and name were wanted in the struggle for freedom, and that therefore he was led, possibly flattered, or cajoled by stronger men, into becoming and remaining an advocate of independence. It is, perhaps, allowable to call him, as has been said of him elsewhere, the "Alcibiades of the rebellious little Puritan town," but it is far too little to say of him that, "He was valuable chiefly from his picturesqueness." (H. C. Lodge, "Boston," p. 176.)

While there are a few incidents in his life which need elucidating, a few perhaps somewhat to his discredit, but more, many more to his great credit, it is not unlikely that the results of a careful, scholarly research would lead us to unite with the mature and sober judgment of John Adams, who wrote of him in 1818, "I can say with truth that I profoundly admired him, and more profoundly loved him. . . . I knew Mr. Hancock from his cradle to his grave. He was radically generous and benevolent. . . . He became an example to all young men of the town. Wholly devoted to business, he was as regular and punctual at his store as the sun is in its course. . . . Though I never injured or justly offended him, and though I spent much of my

time, and suffered unknown anxiety, in defending his property, reputation, and liberty from persecution, I cannot but reflect upon myself for not paying him more respect than I did in his life time. . . . Nor were his talents or attainments inconsiderable. They were far superior to many who have been much more celebrated. He had a great deal of political sagacity and penetration into men. He was by no means a contemptible scholar or orator." (Works of John Adams, X., 260, 261.)

John Hancock, the Patriot, was born in Quincy, Mass., Jan. 12, 1737; he was the third to bear that name, being the son, and grandson of a John Hancock, both Congregational ministers. His father died when he was seven years old, and the little boy was adopted by Thomas Hancock, his wealthy merchant uncle in Boston. He was educated at the Boston Latin School, and at Harvard College, which he entered at, what seems to us, the early age of thirteen. He was graduated from that institution in 1754. He at once entered his uncle's counting house. He applied himself so diligently to his work, that, in six years, 1760, when he was but twenty-three, he was sent to London to represent the house. He crossed the ocean with ex-Governor Thomas Pownall—a name well known in colonial annals. Young Hancock seems to have made the most of his opportunities in London, and to have acted with entire satisfaction to his uncle.

While Hancock was in England, George II.—"Snuffy old drone from the German hive," as Oliver Wendell Holmes calls him—died, and John Hancock witnessed the funeral ceremonies. He wrote from London, Oct. 29, 1760: "Sunday last the Prince of Wales was proclaimed King thro' ye city with pomp and joy. His coronation, I am told, will not be till April; that I can't yet determine whether I shall stay to see it, but rather think I shall, as it is the grandest thing I shall ever meet with." He did remain, and later was presented at court, and it is said, though on what authority I know not, that the young monarch, George III., treated the handsome, rich, young American with great consideration, and presented him with a gold snuff-box. How little could either have dreamed that fifteen years later John Hancock would be President of that Congress which should declare the independence of the American Colonies, or that the complaisant monarch would set a price on the head of the courteous American.

Hancock returned to Boston in 1761, and shortly before leaving London, wrote: "I shall with satisfaction bid adieu to this grand place, with all its pleasurable enjoyments and tempting scenes, for more substantial pleasures, which I promise myself in the enjoyment of my friends in America."

On the first of January, 1763, his uncle took him into the firm, and thus announces the fact to their London correspondents: "Gentn. I am to acquaint you, that I have at last Got my affairs into such a Scituation as that I have this Day Taken my Nephew Mr. John Hancock, into Partnership with me having had long Experience of his Uprightness, & great Abilities for Business, as that I can heartily Recommend him to Your Friendship and Correspondence, which wish may be long & happy."

Thomas Hancock was much out of health when the partnership was formed, for, like his nephew, he suffered often and severely from gout.

Some of the letter books of the Hancock firm have been preserved. The letters in them not only indicate the character of the business transacted, but also throw an interesting and curious light upon the customs, foibles, luxuries, and necessities of those days, for the firm owned their vessels and both exported and imported goods in great variety. Among the imports were, "scarlet bays [baize], German serge, bottles, olive oil, wines, nails, coals, etc." In 1763, orders were sent for "250 bbls. Pork, 100 firkins of Butter, and some beef." Another time for foolscap paper, and grindstones. To one letter a postscript is added: "Our J. H. asks the fav'r that Mr. Harrison will please to get made & sent him 1 neat Bag wig and 1 neatt Bob wig. Fashionable & of a light colour, the size of Mr. Barnard's will nearly suit, the Tie wig Mr. Birch made which J. H. Brought with him fitted very well. The cost of them Mr. Harrison will charge in his little accott with J. H."

Again there is a special order for Mr. Thomas Hancock (July, 1764), "Please to send by the 'Boston Packett' a covering for a Bed, to be had at Mr. Fisher's, the Eiderdown Warehouse in Litchfield street, Oxford market, pray be very particular in the choice of a good one, as it is for our T. H.'s own use, in the Gout, about nine or Ten Guineas' Value. It is call'd an Eiderdown Quilt or Covering; a Bale of Crocus for Bread Bags, 7 or 800 yds., yd. wd.; 1 ton Good Sound Cheshire cheese; 10 chests Good Florence Oyle. Send none but new. If the Brig't goes to New Castle pray order us from thence Ten Groce of best Quart Champaign Bottles for own use, to be well packed in Basketts." The old gentleman never saw these articles, for he died of apoplexy, Aug. 1, 1764. To John Hancock his uncle left the greater part of his fortune of 70,000 pounds sterling, and the business. In a letter written Aug. 17, 1764, J. H. says: "I continue in the same store, and propose carrying on the same business as with my late Uncle, my myself, of which shall write you more hereafter." It is evident from the books and papers which remain, that John Hancock, who was only twenty-seven when he

succeeded to the large fortune and business of his uncle, was a keen and able merchant. He says in one letter (Nov. 23, 1764): "I observe you have sold the oyl pr. Hunter, the White & Brown well sold, but wonder there should be such a difference in the Price of whale oyl between your house & Mr. Lane's. Mr. Rowe of this Place owner of Capt. Hunter, shipd some whale oyl at same time of Hunter, and has an account of Sales of it at £23.15 and yours only £21, the difference is a handsome Profit, but make no doubt you did your best."

Again in same year: "I would also just mention that many things shipt on board Boston Packett to Newbury, Salem, &c especially little things are a loss to the Ship as that freight is seldom obtained, that the fewer of these the better. I wonder that Rotch & others should have Hemp on board the Brig Lydia and mine omitted, but I will say no more of this." The next year he writes to the same correspondents: "I rec'd the things you ship'd me by Hatch tho' some of them much out of time, say the cheese & oyl, which were to have come in the Brigt, the cheese I lose money by, Having sold it for less than the first cost & think it Extreme high charged, at least much higher than others had it in the same ship. Mr. Caleb Blanchard had a parcell at the same time from Champion & Haley at 33/ & you have charged mine 40/. The difference is a good profit. I think I have a right to Expect my Goods on as good terms as any one whatever, & unless I can have them so, its not worth my attention. You must not let other houses out do you, why should there be such a difference in that Article from your two houses? Do think of it & if its a mistake give credit for the over charge." Again, under date 1765: "I am amazed you could send me a Trunk of such silks & charge to my account without my order. I opened them, and they are such colors as would not Sell here to the end of time. I can't think you chose them, or ever saw them, they are such Kinds of silks as we never dealt in, and under the present situation dont intend to be concerned in, besides their cost with the additional duty on each piece here is more than they would fetch. They are very ill chosen, extreme bad colours, very high charged, and article in no demand here. I have theretore come to a resolution to return them to you by Marshall."

To a firm in Madeira (1768), "I am now, therefore, to desire you will please to send me by the return of this Vessell on the first good opportunity to this place two pipes of the very best Madeira for my own Table. I don't stand at any price, let it be good, I like a rich wine." He little thought into what trouble and vexation this order would bring him, but of that anon.

One of the chief articles of export was whale oil. Hancock's great

competitor in this trade was William Rotch, a Quaker of Nantucket, a large shipowner and merchant.

When on a visit to Boston in 1765, William Rotch called on Hancock at his office, and received an invitation to dinner, which was accepted, in order to have a quiet talk, the object of which appears to have been to devise some plan by which these two merchant magnates might control the oil market for their common benefit. How far arrangements were carried out we do not know, but in November of 1766, Hancock writes to his London Agents: "I have now so well established in those concerns in the Whale Fishery that I can have the refusal of almost all their oyl & I think Mr. R—h [Rotch] has had small success in purchasing & by far the greatest quantity of oyl will be in your hands which is my aim.

"I am now fitting up the ship Thomas with oyl. My view in this is to prevent their purchasing and to hinder what oyl I can going into other hands, as by large quantities centering with you, you will be better able to command a price. . . . I can't but think you will have it in your power almost to obtain your own price for it." There is nothing new even in oil.

But it is time to turn to John Hancock as a public man—

Thomas Hancock had been for many years one of the Boston Selectmen, and it was natural that the vacancy occasioned by his death should be filled by the nephew, and John Hancock was chosen to the office, March, 1765, and from that time until his death, nearly thirty years later, he was prominent in the public service, perhaps without intermission the holder of some important public office.

But troublous times were at hand, and John Hancock's correspondence is full of the Stamp Act. By his own vessel, "The Liberty," he writes, Aug. 22, 1765, to his London agents: "I refer you to the Newspapers for an account of the proceed'gs here by which you will see the General dissatisfaction here on account of the Stamp Act, which I pray may never be carried in Execution, it is a Cruel hardship upon us & unless we are Redress'd we must be Ruin'd, Our Stamp officer has resigned. I hope the same Spirit will prevail throughout the whole Continent." Again, September 11: "I cannot write now, we are terribly confused here. If the Stamp Act takes place we are a gone people." About two weeks later: "I have receivd your favour by Capt. Holme who is arriv'd here with the most disagreeable Commodity (say Stamps) that were ever imported into this country & what if carry'd into Execution will entirely Stagnate Trade here, for it is universally determined here never to submit to it, and the principal merchts will by no means carry on

Business under a Stamp, we are in the utmost Confusion here and shall be more so after the first of November & nothing but the repeal of the act will righten, the Consequence of its taking place here will be bad, & attended with many troubles, & I believe may say more fatal to you than us. For God's Sake use your interest to relieve us. I dread the event." Again, October 14, 1765: "Nothing but the Repeal of the act can retrieve our Trade again. . . . If not Repeal'd you may bid Adieu to Remittances for the past Goods, and Trade in future, your Debts cannot be Recover'd here for we shall have no Courts of Justice after the 1st Novr & I now Tell you, & you will find it come to pass that the people of this Country will never Suffer themselves to be made slaves of by a Submission to that D—d act But I shall now open to you my own Determinations. . . . I am determin'd as soon as I know that they are Resolv'd to insist on this act to Sell my Stock in Trade & Shut up my Warehouse Doors Thus much I told our Govr the other day, & is what I am absolutely Determined to abide by. . . . I am very sorry for this occasion of writing so boldly, & of being oblig'd to come to such Resolutions, but the Safety of myself the Country I have the honor to be a native of require some Resolutions, I am free & Determined to be so I will not willingly & quietly Subject myself to Slavery."

This long letter from which these extracts are taken concludes with the following postscript: "This Letter I propose to remain in my Letter Book as a Standing monument to posterity & my children in particular, that I by no means consented to a Submission to this Cruel Act, & that my best Representations were not wantg. in the matter."

When it is remembered that John Hancock was the richest man in Boston and had a large and lucrative business, such a stand as he took means something. But we cannot go farther into the details of the Stamp Act struggle than to state that Hancock took an active part in all the public measures against the Act, and in the petitions for its repeal.

The Stamp Act was repealed March 18, 1766, but it was two months before a copy of the Act of Repeal reached Boston, and it was in one of Hancock's own vessels that a copy came. The celebration in Boston was enthusiastic, though Hancock simply says in one of his letters, "Our rejoicing has been conducted in a very Decent, Reputable manner, & I hope now peace and harmony will prevail. My best influence and endeavors to that purpose shall be used."

Hancock's next step in public life was to be chosen one of the four representatives of Boston to the General Court (or Legislature) for

1766-1767, and it was a curious thing that one of the first acts of the Court was to pass a bill taxing imports; but as they taxed themselves it was all right. The estimation in which he was held is shown by the fact that, though but thirty-five years old, he was appointed chairman of Committees, or practically leader of the House. That his course in the General Court was satisfactory to his constituents is indicated by his re-election in 1767, every vote being cast for him, while his three fellow-candidates received: Samuel Adams, 574; Thomas Cushing, 557, and James Otis, 575. These men certainly would have formed a noble representation for any community. It is not possible to follow in detail those days of unrest in Boston. But all through, Hancock was on the popular side, and while he deprecated violence, he yielded to none in his efforts to have the British troops removed. He was one of the Selectmen who objected to the quartering of the troops in public buildings; he was chosen a member of the Governor's Council, though his appointment was vetoed by Governor Bernard. His sloop "Liberty" arrived about this time (1768) with a shipment of Madeira wine, a part of which has been referred to. A portion was surreptitiously carried ashore while the Custom House officers were being entertained or confined in the cabin. For this, but chiefly on a charge of false entries of the cargo, Hancock, who is not shown to have been cognizant of the matter, was arrested and was prosecuted on many charges, the penalties, it is said, amounting to 100,000 pounds sterling. An entry of the goods was made the morning after the occurrence, but was not credited by the officials. The vessel itself was seized and taken across the harbor. Hancock resisted the claims and employed John Adams as his counsel. The case dragged on until it was settled by the battle of Lexington.

This action of the government only increased Hancock's popularity, and he was again chosen to the General Court by the largest vote. The merchants of Boston, and Hancock among them, agreed on non-importation measures, though his patriotism threatened to ruin his own business. It has been well said, "As a citizen, patriot, and true officer he was doing all in his power to bring about desired ends by preventing importation. As a merchant he was obliged to see these acts destroy what little business he had left, and he was bringing trouble on his foreign agents and fast friends."

Hancock was present at the great meeting of citizens in the Old South Meeting House after the Boston Massacre, March 5, 1770. He recognized that the mob had acted in a lawless manner, and yet sympathized with the spirit which animated them. He approved of the resolutions "that nothing could be expected to restore peace and prevent

carnage, but an immediate removal of the troops." He also was one of the Committee of Fifteen, headed by Samuel Adams, that carried the resolution to Governor Hutchinson. And when Hutchinson's agreement to remove one regiment from the city was reported to the town meeting, he was again one of the committee to reply to the Governor that nothing but "a total and immediate removal of all the troops" would be satisfactory. A request with which the Governor felt wisest to comply. All through those troublous days Hancock took an active part in the resistance to the demands of the British government. It was at one of the meetings of the Committees of Public Service that Hancock exclaimed, "Burn Boston and make John Hancock a beggar, if the public good requires it." It should be remembered that Hancock's wealth consisted mainly of houses and land in Boston, and ships on the sea, both of which were liable to easy seizure and confiscation by the Crown. It is difficult to understand the boldness of his language, and the daring of his personal service unless he were a true patriot. At the time of the tea excitement, he was again on the popular side, and "offered one of his vessels, free of charge, to reship what tea was stored in Boston." And he certainly was cognizant of the projected "tea-party," and though not taking a personal share, gave his aid and countenance to it. Benjamin Franklin writes to Thomas Cushing, London, March 22, 1774. "It is talked here that authentic advices are received assuring Government that Messrs. Hancock and Adams were seen at the Head of the Mob that destroy'd the Tea, openly encouraging them." (Smyth, Life and Works of Franklin, 6: 223.)

In March, 1774, Hancock was appointed public orator for the anniversary of the "Boston Massacre." Samuel Adams says of him on this occasion, he "was a graceful, easy speaker, self-possessed and dignified in action, and thoroughly understood by an audience of his native townsmen." (Wells' Life, 2: 138.)* John Adams speaks of it, as "an elegant, a pathetic, a spirited performance." "Many of the sentiments came with great propriety from him, his invective particularly against a preference of riches to virtue came with singular dignity and grace." (Works, 2: 232.) Let us hear one or two sentences from this oration, remembering under what circumstances they were uttered—with a hostile British Governor, and officers and troops nearby.

"Some boast of being friends of government! I am a friend to righteous government, to a government founded upon the principles of

*Wells claims that Samuel Adams was the real author of this oration, but he does not show more than the fact that Hancock talked over the matter with Adams.

reason and justice; but I glory in publicly avowing my eternal enmity to tyranny; and here suffer me to ask what tenderness, what regard have the rulers of Great Britain manifested in their late transactions, for the security of the persons or property of the inhabitants of these colonies? Or rather, what have they omitted doing to destroy that security? They have usurped the right of ruling us, in all cases whatever, by arbitrary laws; they have exercised this pretended right by imposing a tax upon us without our consent; and lest we should show some reluctance at parting with our property, their fleets and armies are sent to enforce their mad and tyrannical pretensions." Referring to the "massacre" itself, he says: "Let this sad tale of death never be told without a tear; let not the heaving bosom cease to burn with a manly indignation at the relation of it through the long tracks of future time; let every parent tell the shameful story to listening children, till tears of pity glisten in their eyes, or boiling passion shakes their tender frames." ("John Hancock, His Book," Appendix, p. 257.)

The Boston Port Bill took effect June 1, 1774. Of course it was ruinous to Hancock's business. The public irritation was increased by the coming of more troops to enforce the bill. Samuel Adams, John Hancock, and James Otis waited on Governor Gage and asked him to call a meeting of the General Court, which he refused to do. The Court then came together without the official notice, and sat with closed doors.

Of these days, John Adams, like the rest of the family, never given to over much praise, writes: "Samuel Adams, John Hancock, and James Otis were the three most essential characters and Great Britain knew it though America does not. Great and important and excellent characters aroused and excited by these arose in Pennsylvania, Virginia, New York, and South Carolina, and in all the other States; but these were the first movers—the most constant, steady, persevering springs and agents, and most disinterested sufferers, and firmest pillars of the whole Revolution." (Works, 10: 163.)

In October, 1774, the members of the General Court resolved themselves into a Provincial Congress. "Hancock was unanimously elected President from among the dignified representatives there assembled." He was again elected President of the second Provincial Congress of Massachusetts.

But let us turn, for a moment, from public matters to those of a more personal nature. It is unnecessary to do more than say that Hancock's business was almost at a stand-still, for independently of restraints on trade, his attention was almost wholly given to the public service. Still he found time to prosecute objects of a tender character.

Judge Edmund Quincy was born in 1703, graduated from Harvard in 1722, and had a reputation for integrity and talent. He was a personal friend of Benjamin Franklin. He married Elizabeth Wendell. Dorothy, the youngest of their ten children, was born May 10, 1748. I believe the old homestead in Quincy is still standing. Judge Quincy was a highly cultivated man, and no household in Massachusetts was more refined or cultured. Here John Adams, as a young man, was a frequent visitor of the four attractive daughters. Dorothy was the most charming—bright, quick, good-looking, she had no lack of admirers, but of all the visitors at her father's house, John Hancock, though he was ten years older than herself, was the favored one, and they became engaged. The match was furthered as much as possible by Madame Hancock, the aunt of John Hancock, who kept house for him in the spacious and elegant mansion her husband had built.

Affairs in Boston became more and more critical. In March, 1775, Hancock's fence was hacked by British officers, and his property was more than once threatened. The Provincial Congress was to meet March 22. Hancock was president and went to Concord, where it was to sit. Whether he returned to Boston we do not know, but it is more likely that he made his home with the Rev. Jonas Clark, a cousin, who occupied the old Hancock mansion at Lexington. Meantime his aunt, Madame Hancock, was uneasy and reluctant to remain in Boston, not knowing what might be done to the house of such a marked man as Hancock. So, persuading Judge Quincy to let his daughter Dorothy accompany her, they went to Mr. Clark's at Lexington. Dorothy Quincy, it is said, expecting to return in two or three days, took few things with her; but she did not see the inside of Boston for three years.

Hancock has been charged by some with taking the stand he did from unworthy motives—but the British Government evidently considered he was in earnest. As early as February, 1775, one of his friends in London wrote: "There is gone down to Sheerness seventy-eight thousand guns and bayonets, to be sent to America to be put into the hands of the negroes, the Roman Catholics and the Canadians, and all the wicked means on earth used to subdue the colonists. I don't write this to alarm you, but you must not any longer be deceived. Orders have now gone out to take up Messrs. Hancock, Adams, Williams, Otis, and six of the head men in Boston. I have now a copy of the proceedings before me. My heart aches for Mr. Hancock. Send off expresses immediately that they intend to seize his estate and have his fine house for General —." ("Dorothy Quincy," p. 54.)

But to go back to Lexington—

Samuel Adams was also a guest of Mr. Jonas Clark. We can easily picture the anxious little company in April, 1779. The host and his wife, Madame Hancock and Dorothy Quincy, now a young woman of twenty-seven, John Hancock and Samuel Adams, all of them eagerly and anxiously discussing the state of affairs, and what had best be done.

It is needless before this audience to do more than refer to Lexington and Concord. We know the story well—the determination of the British to seize the stores, and apprehend the two leaders, Adams and Hancock; the “midnight ride of Paul Revere”; “the embattled farmers” “who fired the shot heard round the world.” Hancock and Adams meanwhile were induced by their friends to keep away from the conflict, to withdraw from the Clark mansion, and take refuge elsewhere, as their services would be far more valuable in the council than in the field.

It is said that before they left, Dorothy Quincy expressed her intention of rejoining her father in Boston. “No madam,” said her fiancé, “You shall not return as long as there is a British bayonet left in Boston.” But the young lady had a mind of her own, and replied, “Recollect, Mr. Hancock, I am not under your authority yet; I shall go to my father’s house to-morrow.” Madame Hancock now interfered and calmed the troubled waters, and before long Dorothy Quincy, with Madame Hancock, followed her lover to where he was concealed, and later the two accompanied John Hancock as far as Fairfield, Connecticut, on his way to Philadelphia, where he was to take his seat in the famous Congress of 1775, to which, with Samuel Adams, and others, he had been chosen a representative.

The feeling in New England toward Great Britain was well known; that in New York was not. The Massachusetts and Connecticut delegates, as they approached New York City, felt somewhat doubtful of their reception. A letter from John Hancock to Dorothy Quincy, tells how they were received. “I arrived,” he writes, “yesterday [May 6, 1775] at Kings Bridge, where I found the Delegates of Massachusetts & Connecticut, with a number of gentlemen from New York. . . . When we arrived within three miles of the city, we were met by the Grenadier company and regiment of the city militia under arms, Gentlemen in carriages and on horseback and many thousand of persons on foot, the roads filled with people and the greatest cloud of Dust I ever saw. . . . When I got within a mile of the city my carriage was stopt, and persons appearing with proper Harnesses insisted upon taking out my Horses and Dragging me into and through the City, a circumstance I would not have had taken place upon any consideration, not

being fond of such parade." ("John Hancock, His Book," p. 198.)

He goes on to say that finally he insisted on having this business stopped. The Massachusetts delegates were greatly pleased with their reception in New York, which, as Hancock remarked in the letter just quoted, was "a sad mortification to the Tories."

Arrived at Philadelphia, he met old friends, among them Benjamin Franklin and George Washington. It was during the early part of this Congress that "General Gage at Boston issued a proclamation affirming pardon to all rebels, except Samuel Adams, and John Hancock "whose offences are two flagitious a nature to admit of any other consideration than of condign punishment."

The President of the Congress, Peyton Randolph, of Virginia, resigned and John Hancock was chosen in his place. Benjamin Harrison, when conducting him to the chair, is said to have remarked: "We will show mother Britain how little we care for her by making a Massachusetts man our President, whom she has excluded from pardon & offered a ransom for his head."

Hancock was by no means an inexperienced presiding officer, and this, together with the fact that Virginia had had the office, doubtless led to his selection, for the office was due Massachusetts, and Hancock was her most distinguished representative, and well known by reputation throughout the colonies. He was at this time thirty-eight years old.

Dorothy Quincy meanwhile remained at Fairfield, Connecticut, and a number of John Hancock's letters to her have, by strange chance, been preserved. Were it not for the light they throw on his character, and upon the customs of the times, we could wish they had been destroyed, for it is almost profanation to read that which was intended for one eye alone. It seems Dorothy was a poor correspondent, for he chides her again and again for not replying. "Be not afraid of me. I want long letters. I will forgive the past if you will mend in future." He says, and, as if to melt the heart of the young woman, he tells what he is sending her. Most young ladies now-a-days would rather wonder at such gifts:

"I have sent you," he says, "by Docr Church, in a paper Box directed to you, the following things, for your acceptance, & which I do insist you wear, if you do not, I shall think the Donor is the objection.

2 pair white silk	}	stockings which
4 pr. white thread		I think will fit you.
1 pr. Black Satin	}	shoes, the other
1 p. Black Calem Co		shall be sent when done.
1 very pretty light Hat.		

1 neat Airy Summer Cloak.

2 Caps.

1 Fan.

I wish these may please you." ("John Hancock, His Book." p. 203.)

In August, 1775, John Hancock left Philadelphia and hastened to Fairfield, where the wedding took place, August 28, 1775. The affair naturally excited great interest and a number of contemporary newspapers have accounts of the ceremony and accompanying festivities.

The married couple left immediately for Philadelphia, which, making, it appears, no stops except at night and possibly Sunday, they reached in seven days, September 5. John Adams thus speaks of Mrs. Hancock in Philadelphia: "Among a hundred men, almost, at this house she lives and behaves with modesty and decency, dignity and discretion, I assure you. Her behavior is easy and genteel. She avoids talking upon politics. In large and mix'd company she is unusually silent, as a lady ought to be." ("Dorothy Quincy," p. 96.)

The position of the President of Congress was no sinecure. Besides presiding at the sessions of Congress, Hancock had to sign all commissions, to attend to an extensive correspondence, and to promulgate almost countless military orders, and sign bills of credit, etc. In all this work Mrs. Hancock greatly aided him.

When the time came for choosing a commander-in-chief of the American army, it is said that Hancock was an eager aspirant for the position, and that considerable "wire-pulling," as we should say, was employed on his side. It can hardly be doubted that he did entertain the idea, but on Washington's appointment he was one of the first to congratulate him.

When Washington wrote to Congress of the prospect of a bombardment of Boston, and the matter was under consideration by that body, Hancock left the chair and said, "It is true, sir, nearly all the property I have in the world is in houses and other real estate in the town of Boston; but if the expulsion of the British army from it—and the liberties of our country require their being burnt to ashes—issue the order for that purpose immediately." ("Dorothy Quincy," p. 102.) He also wrote to Washington at the same time: "May God crown your attempt with success. I most heartily wish it, though individually I may be the greatest sufferer." (Ibid. p. 102.) The bombardment did not take place, as we know, but that does not lessen Hancock's patriotism.

Soon after Washington gained Boston, he wrote personally to Hancock, and said: "I have a particular pleasure in being able to inform you, sir, that your house has received no damage worth mentioning. Your

furniture is in tolerable order, and the family fixtures are all left entire and untouched." ("John Hancock, His Book," p. 209.)

When Congress summoned Washington to Philadelphia to consult on the state of affairs, Hancock wrote inviting him and his wife to make their home with him, and not only that, but urged his acceptance because he had heard that Mrs. Washington planned being inoculated for the smallpox while in Philadelphia, and he was sure she would have better attendance during the progress of the disease.

The story of the decision to declare the Independence of the Colonies has been too often told to repeat here. On the eventful day, July 4, the document was signed only by the President of the Congress, John Hancock, and the Secretary, Charles Thomson. It was not until August that others affixed their signatures. It has been claimed that it savored of egotism for Hancock to sign in such large characters, but comparison shows that his signature on that document is but little, if any, larger than his usual one in his private correspondence. The story goes that he remarked after signing, "There, John Bull can read that without spectacles. Now let him double his reward." All through his official correspondence of Hancock there breathes the strongest spirit of patriotism, but we must forbear quotation.

Hancock continued as President of Congress, though at times he seems to have suffered greatly from the gout. In October, 1777, he writes: "I have come to a fixed determination to return to Boston for a short time, & I have notified Congress in form of my intention." In his address to Congress, he says: "My health being much impaired I find some relaxation absolutely necessary after such constant application. I must therefore request your Indulgence for leave of absence for two months." Though this was nominally an application for leave, it resulted in resignation, for Hancock never returned, though he was in his absence re-elected to the office of President, which he declined.

Only a few days after his return a town meeting was held in Boston, December 8, 1777, the record of which reads: "The inhabitants having brought in their votes for a Moderator, upon sorting them it appeared that the Honorable John Hancock, Esq., was unanimously chosen Moderator of this meeting." This indicates the estimation in which he was held by his fellow-townsmen. At the same meeting a resolution was carried expressing the thanks of the town to John Hancock for a gift of 150 cords of wood to the poor of the town in a time of distress. Shortly after this he was again unanimously chosen Moderator. At the next election for representatives to the General Court, he received the highest vote. The next year, 1778, Hancock undertook

a new service. He had been appointed Major General of the Massachusetts Militia, and as such took part in an enterprise, intended to aid Count D'Estaing in his movement against Newport, Rhode Island. The movement, however, was not successful. When the French allies visited Boston in 1779, Hancock gave a banquet to five hundred of them at his own expense.

Massachusetts, in 1780, took the steps needful to establish herself firmly as a State by framing and adopting a Constitution. Of course Hancock was a member of the Convention, and on the adoption of the instrument of government was elected first Governor of the State of Massachusetts.

The Rev. Samuel Cooper, a well-known citizen of Boston, wrote to Benjamin Franklin, then in London, a letter dated Boston, September 8, 1780, in which he says:

"Last Monday all the Towns of this State assembled for the choice of a Governor, Lt. Governor, and Senators, according to the new Constitution. In this town [Boston] Mr. S. Adams had one vote for Governor, Mr. Bowdoin 64, Mr. Hancock 853. . . . It was argued in his Favor at the Elections that he took an early, open, and decided Part in the opposition to the oppressive Measures of Great Britain, that in this he generously risked his Life and Fortune; and that it was expected that we should appear to be the same People we were when the Controversy began by giving our first Honors to those who distinguished themselves at that Time, and that a contrary Conduct would disappoint our Friends in Europe and gratify our Enemies." (Smyth, "Life and Works of Franklin," 8: 182.)

To this Franklin replied: "Passy, December 2, 1780, Please make my Compliments of Congratulation acceptable to Mr. Hancock on his being chosen the first Governor of his free countrymen. I am persuaded he will fill the Seat with Propriety & Dignity." (Ibid. ibid.)

To this office he was annually re-elected until 1785, and then after an interim of two years, when he declined to be a candidate, he was chosen annually from 1787 to 1793. These years were full of incident; they cover the period of adaptation of the commonwealth to the new political conditions, and it speaks well for Hancock that a majority of the citizens of that State kept him in office so long. The last important service of Hancock was acting as presiding officer of the Constitutional Convention of 1787, when Massachusetts was to decide whether she would cast her vote in favor of the Federal Union, a conclusion which would doubtless decide whether the new Constitution would go into effect. It is difficult for us of this day fully to understand the fear

which so many able and patriotic men then felt of a strong central government. It has been claimed that at first Hancock was of these. It is certain that until the meeting of the Convention he avoided expressing an opinion, but if he did hold the views referred to he was in good company, for even Samuel Adams was at least lukewarm in his support, and Patrick Henry strongly opposed the plan. Hancock's support is said to have been gained by some political bargaining. Bancroft, however, says, unhesitatingly: "There is no ground whatever for an insinuation that Hancock was at any time opposed to an approval of the Constitution. His conduct on that occasion was, from beginning to end, consistent; and so wise that the afterthought of the most skilful caviller cannot point out where it could be improved." ("History of the Constitution," 2: 258.) His advice in substance was, adopt the Constitution and propose amendments, trusting that they will in substance be adopted. This wise advice was followed and the result justified the action, for the first ten amendments practically cover the points made by the Massachusetts Convention. A doggerel verse of the day thus refers to this great occasion:

"The 'vention did in Boston meet,
But State house couldn't hold 'em
So then they went to Federal Street,
And there the truth was told 'em.

"They every morning went to prayer,
And then began disputing.
Till opposition silenced were,
By arguments refuting.

"Then Squire Hancock like a man
Who dearly loves the nation,
By a conciliatory plan,
Prevented much vexation.

"He made a woudy Federal speech,
With sense and elocution;
And then the 'vention did beseech,
T' adopt the Constitution.

"The question being outright put,
Each voted independent,
The Federalists agreed to adopt,
And then propose amendment.

"The other party, seeing then
 The people were against them,
Agreed like honest, faithful men,
 To mix in peace amongst them."

(Loring, "Hundred Boston Orators," 112.)

The last time Hancock comes into special prominence was on the occasion of President Washington's visit to Boston, when it would seem, that feeling the importance of the State, he expected that Washington would call on him as Governor first. This Washington flatly refused to do. Hancock, persuaded by his friends, after making his gout an excuse, yielded the point and made his call on the President. In 1793 he died suddenly, and the State government insisted on a public funeral, though Hancock had expressed a wish for a private one. Mrs. Hancock reluctantly submitted, and, though she had been assured the State would bear the expense, had herself to pay the bills for the same, amounting to \$1,800.

I have not said much concerning the attacks on Hancock, but have preferred to let facts lead you to draw your own conclusions. He had his faults—he was ambitious; he was proud of his position, his wealth, his personal appearance, and it is not to be wondered at that he could sometimes with reason be called vain, but the surprise is that he was not more so. That he was generous, warm-hearted, charitable, is incontestable—that most of his acts of generosity and patriotism were done from mean and sordid motives is inconceivable. Most of his contemporary detractors seem to have been moved by envy, and the later ones have been ignorant of the facts. Before he was enfeebled by disease, he was handsome in face, tall, and well proportioned in figure. His manners were those of the old school, dignified and gracious. He loved style and his large mansion was richly furnished. When he rode out on public occasions he went in a coach drawn by six horses, attended by servants in livery. At home he would wear a red velvet cap, lined with white linen, a blue damask gown, lined with silk, a white stock, white satin embroidered waistcoat, black silk small-clothes, white silk stockings, and red morocco slippers. Abroad, the cap would be exchanged for a wig, the dressing gown for a scarlet coat richly embroidered in lace or silver, or both, and with ruffles on the sleeves. If he lived handsomely he shared his fortune with others, for his benefactions to the poor, to needy churches, to individuals, were numberless. It has been said that Boston never knew a greater benefactor. His patriotism is said to have cost him in cash over \$100,000, to say nothing of the ruin of his business. His home life seems to have been admirable. He had two children, one, a girl, who

died in infancy; the other, John George Washington Hancock, died under distressing circumstances—the little fellow of seven was anxious to skate; a friend gave him a pair; he tried them on the icy pavement, and falling, received injuries from which he soon died. His widow several years after Hancock's death, married James Scott, one of her husband's trusted Captains and friends, and out-living him, died in 1830, an old lady of eighty-three.

If in this rather rambling account I have been able to bring before you, even an outline sketch of this strong, picturesque, patriotic man of Revolutionary days, I shall be pleased. If to this be added that I have done something to reinstate him in your good graces I shall be more than satisfied.

NOTE.

A few paragraphs in the preceding paper are taken from a briefer paper read by the author on a different occasion. A very few which were omitted in the reading, for the sake of brevity, have been restored.

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